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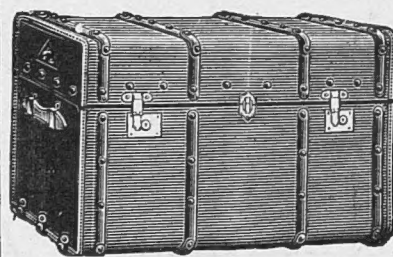


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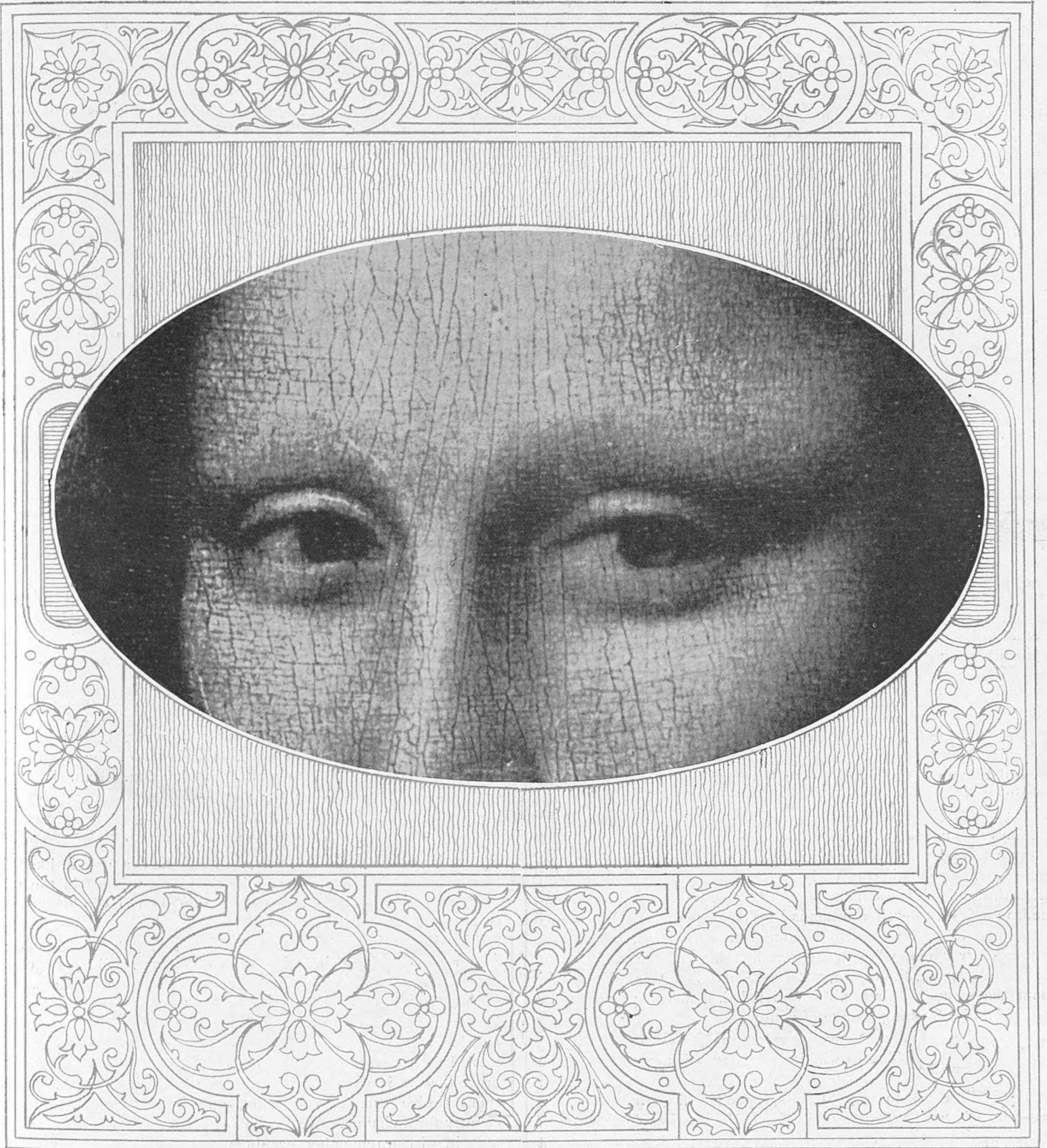


# The Sketch

No. 970.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



## CAN THESE HAVE CAUSED THE "ELOPEMENT" OF FRANCESCO DEL GIOCONDO'S THIRD WIFE? THE FASCINATING EYES OF MONA LISA.

Among the various theories put forward to account for the mysterious disappearance from the Louvre of Leonardo da Vinci's world-famous portrait of Mona Lisa, who was the third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, one suggestion was that the beautiful eyes of "La Gioconda" had fascinated some too devoted admirer and tempted him to carry her off. The haunting gaze of the eyes, which seem to follow the spectator about, is a marked characteristic of the picture. If this explanation be the true one, it is to be hoped that, as in some similar elopements, it will be a case of obeying the request to "bring her home and all will be forgiven." The matter, however, is really too serious for joking, since the loss of Leonardo's masterpiece would be one of the direst disasters that could happen in the world of art. Writing a day or two in advance of publication, we sincerely trust that, by the time this page appears, the priceless picture may have been recovered.—[*Photograph supplied by Mansell and Co.*]





# MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

## A Welcome Outstayed.

It is pleasant to think that the summer is over. Let us have no self-deception on this matter: we are heartily glad, for once in a way, to get rid of the sun. At this moment such phrases as "glorious sunshine" and "golden August" have no meaning for us. The sun outstayed his welcome. Year by year we greet him with the greatest cordiality; we stretch out eager hands to him; we bask in his presence; we smile upon each other just because he is amongst us; we feel that all is well so long as he remains with us. Year by year we part from him with the greatest reluctance. We tell each other mournfully that the days are "drawing in." This year there has been no reluctant parting. He has overdone it, and we are glad to be rid of him. Morning after morning we awoke to the same "lighting," as they say in the theatre, and the thing grew monotonous. The English are not accustomed to such lavish brilliance, such everlasting warmth. England, months ago, began to get restless. The conditions of life were unnatural, and the people began to think and behave in an unnatural manner. They exaggerated their woes until they could endure them no longer. A few words were sufficient to set the country ablaze. The very animals were panting and peevish; the poor flowers, in the quietest and most ladylike manner, died. And all these things happened because the sun outstayed his welcome.

## First Touch of Autumn.

Then, at last, he saw his mistake and began to make preparations for departure. Instantly, the mood of the country changed. From Land's End to John o' Groat's went up one prodigious sigh of relief. Things were not so bad, after all. Life, actually, was tolerable. It was possible to work. The sick child showed signs of mending. The few flowers that were not quite dead revived. The grass put forth a few new blades of the brightest green. It was like a new-born child lying in the lap of an old lady. Spring and autumn had met and kissed. One awoke in the morning to find the trees and fields sleeping beneath a light coverlet of mist. There is something inexpressibly delicious in the first touch and smell of autumn. The Englishman born and bred loves an autumn morning. There is a never-failing delight for him in the turn of the seasons. The first days of winter, the first days of spring, the first days of summer, the first days of autumn—all, in turn, are full of promise and remembrance. Especially, perhaps, remembrance. Each year, as you sniff the early-morning mists of autumn, as you watch the yellow leaves floating to the ground, are you not translated, in a flash, to earlier autumns? Places, people, and incidents long since forgotten leap to the memory. And then comes that extraordinary "homey" feeling—that first hint of the comforts of the house, the fire, the drawn curtain. There is nothing depressing about the autumn. Nature, hot and jaded, is merely preparing for the cold and refreshing plunge of winter.

## Never Follow the Sun.

That is why it is such a mistake to follow the sun instead of waiting for the sun to return to you. I am surprised to find that it is three years since I spent the autumn in England. During the autumn of 1909 I was in Paris. Paris is not very far from London, and yet one can sit outside the cafés right up to Christmas. The hardier souls, indeed, sit outside the cafés all the year round. Those who have never spent the winter in Paris refuse to believe that. The autumn of the following year found me in America. I was strolling about, without an overcoat, in the brilliant sunshine of California. The experience is interesting, but one does not set the same store by the sun. After the long English winter, the rain, the frost, the

howling winds, the bitterly cold nights, how eagerly one welcomes the first day of spring! You have earned it, and therein lies the reason. Those luckless rich and idle who run after the sun know nothing of such intense joy as we know who wait until the sun returns to us. They get soft—soft in constitution and soft in character. It is the Englishman who remains in England, who braves the cold and the rain of winter, to whom the returning sun brings great draughts of health and renewed strength. Compare the two, and you will see the truth of this.

## The Autumn in Scotland.

As it happens, for the third year in succession I shall be out of England during a great part of the autumn. An irresistible something—you may call it enterprise, or adventure, or what you will—is again leading me away. Not South or West, however; I am going to the North of England and Scotland. There is a wonderful tonic in the air of Scotland. The Scottish should be grateful to their climate. It has toughened their bodies and hardened their brains. Once come to understand the Scottish and you will never cease to admire them. "Admire," I think, is precisely the word. You "love" the Irish and "admire" the Scottish. The brilliant, biting air of the hills has penetrated their very marrow. They have nothing of the gentle foolishness that you find further south. They mean every word they utter, and they utter each word in such a way that you know they mean it. Observe the tremendous value they give to each consonant and each vowel! None of your slurring for the Scottish. Some people will tell you that the Scottish have no sentiment. This is utter rubbish. They are full of sentiment, but they keep it under control. The idle laugh and the idle tear are unknown in Scotland. When they laugh they mean it, and when they cry they mean it, but the joke must be good that makes them laugh, and the object must be worthy of compassion that makes them cry.

## The English Winter.

And after that I look forward to the winter in England—not, however, in the heart of London, but in the heart of the country. It is a mistake, I think, to winter in London. Rain is a very beautiful thing. Dwell on the word—

The rain it raineth every day.  
Heigho, the wind and the rain.

There is no sadness in the word when you use it like that. Have you not delightful memories of long trudges in the rain? Of the rain on your face? Of the rain on the windows and on the roof at night? Of the rain on the leaves and on the soft turf? But rain is not rain in London, just as snow is no longer snow. These beautiful gifts of Nature, falling by chance on a great city, become changed out of all recognition. The rain is a "beastly nuisance" and the snow "filthy sludge." People run indoors to get away from them. You never see a Londoner holding up his face so that the rain may fall on it. At least, I have never seen such a sight. This alone is sufficient to prove that it is wrong to spend the winter in London. I have spent twelve such in succession, and now I intend to try the country for a change. Not that I regret those twelve winters. Far from it. I can remember evenings and evenings, to say nothing of nights and early mornings, that I would not cut out of my lifetime for the success of a Napoleon or the wealth of a Carnegie. (I wonder, by the way, if Mr. Carnegie has any such deathless recollections?) But I want to see the frost on the hedges again, and feel the iron road beneath my feet, and battle with the stinging wind. . . . After all, London is very faithful. She is always there when you need her.



## AGRICULTURAL "LABOUR" IN INDIA: FARMER v. PIG.



UNCHECKED BY WATER: INDIAN PEASANTRY FORDING A CREEK DURING A PIG-DRIVE.



PEPPER FOR THE PIG: AN INDIAN FARMER LYING LOW IN A PIT TO GUARD HIS CROPS AT NIGHT.

Just as in this country the fox is the enemy of farmers and the joy of sportsmen, so in India the wild pig, whose existence makes possible the sport of pig-sticking, is regarded as vermin by the agriculturist. These destructive animals abound in the valley of the Indus, and are such a pest to crops that organised drives are held every now and then by the peasantry to destroy them. As our upper photograph shows, water is no check to the ardour of the pursuit on these occasions. Another plan adopted by the Indian farmer is to dig a pit near the crops and, armed with his gun, await the coming of the enemy at night.

*Photographs supplied by Reginald Bolster.*



## CALLER ON LONDON, WITH BILLY AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR.



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Bear Dance.*

*In the New Song in which She  
is Making Good :  
Miss Ethel Levey Singing  
" Billy."*

## THE FAVOURITE AMERICAN COMÉDIENNE: MISS ETHEL LEVEY, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Miss Ethel Levey, the well-known comédienne from across the pond, is visiting London again, and is at the Alhambra, where she is making very "good" with, more particularly, her new song, "Billy," and the Grizzly Bear Dance.

*Photographs by Abdy.*



## A PAINTED LADY WHO MAY SET THE NEXT FASHION.



A COSTUME UPON WHICH AUTUMN "CREATIONS" ARE LIKELY TO BE BASED:  
THE "WINTERHALTER GIRL."

It is generally anticipated that Winterhalter will furnish the dressmakers with autumn fashions; that is to say, "creations" of the immediate future will be copied from, or based upon, those in his pictures: the voluminous skirt will take the place of the "hobble." So each painter has his turn. From the Gainsborough and Reynolds girls, the Watteau girls, and the Greuze girls, we shall come to the most demure of all—the Winterhalter. The particular painting by Winterhalter here reproduced to show the fashions of his time is at Versailles, and is a portrait of the Princesse de Joinville. Of course, it is not to be assumed that the crinoline will be worn: the new fashion will be merely an adaptation of the most decorative features of the old.—[Photograph by Mansell.]



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**GOLF ON SHIPBOARD.**

(See Illustrations.)

IN the course of a recent voyage from Buenos Ayres to New  
York, there took place on board the steamer *Vasari* (of  
which Illustrations appear on another page) what was  
regarded by the players as the first organised game of golf ever  
played at sea. It was, to be precise, a driving competition, for it  
would naturally be impossible to obtain on board ship all kinds  
of shots as on land. The method of the game originated by  
accident. One day a passenger was amusing himself by driving  
balls from the deck out to sea, in order to test a certain driver.  
The question soon arose as to how far the balls were driven; and  
another golfer, of a mathematical turn, suggested that it would be  
easy to measure the drives by stationing an observer at each end  
of the ship, with the teeing-ground between them, each to record  
the angle at which, from his point of observation, the ball struck the  
water. The known distance apart of the observers thus forming the  
base of a triangle, it was easy to calculate the length of the ball's flight,  
and assuming that the ball was driven off exactly at right angles  
from the ship's course, her movement between the time of the  
ball's leaving the deck and striking the water, it was pointed out,  
would not affect the result. A stock of golf balls was obtained at  
Trinidad, and a tournament was held. The two observers were  
stationed at each end of the base-line, 438 feet apart, one on the  
forecastle head, and the other aft on the second-class promenade  
deck. At each of these points was fixed a table, on which were  
scales with a movable pointer. The tee was on the main deck  
forward, a cocoanut-fibre mat being laid down and a section of the  
ship's rail being removed to allow the ball a free flight. The forward  
observer could see the player at the tee, but as the latter was hidden  
from the aft observer, two signalmen with flags stood at each end  
of the upper promenade deck in order to warn the aft observer  
when the ball had been driven off. Both the observers noted the  
angle at which they saw each ball strike the water, recording them  
as No. 1, 2, 3, and so on, while at the tee a record was kept of the  
names corresponding to the numbers. The winning drive was one  
of 530 feet, made by Mr. W. B. Price, of the Audubon Golf Club,  
Louisville, Kentucky, and among the competitors was an English  
parson, the Rev. H. C. Coote, Rector of St. James's, Trowbridge.

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to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be  
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All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the  
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### How the Germans Meet a Heat-Wave.

The Germans are not so helpless in the face of a heat-wave as we are in England. A German has his hair cropped so close at the commencement of summer that it looks as though it had been shaved; he wears during the great heats jackets, which are extremely light, but the cut and material of which would fill a London tailor with pious horror; and on the front of his shapeless jacket the German fastens a clip which, when he walks after sundown, holds his formless soft straw hat, and thus leaves his hands, and head free. The German ladies adopt loose costumes which, if they give a rather feather-bed look of unrestraint, must be eminently comfortable. An Englishman wears starched shirts and heavy boots and clothes that fit him tightly through the summer, and would sooner melt than deck himself with a grey bombazine sack and unbleached linen trousers. Of course the Englishman in India has discovered how to be smart and cool; but few Anglo-Indians have the courage when they have settled in South Kensington to revert to Indian clothing and Indian hours.

**Ice as a Necessary.** Ice is an every-day necessary in Germany, not a luxury, as it still remains in England. And it is the German's love for good light beer that brings an abundance of ice to his door during the hot weather. The casks of light-brown or golden beer in the smallest village tavern are kept cool by big blocks of ice which the brewer supplies for that purpose, and the light carts of the breweries have bodies rather like piano-vans which contain the long, four-sided blocks of ice, packed as though they were bricks. I fancy that every brewery in Germany and Austria must have its own freezing plant, for all brewing in those countries is done at a much lower temperature than

by train. We should have to rediscover the recipes of the old monks for making a tasty dish of carp, and pike and eel and gudgeon and grayling and trout would replace their larger brethren of the sea. The Germans in the interior of their country seem to fare quite well in hot weather by ringing the changes on Rhine salmon, trout *au bleu*, Zaader, and occasionally a pike. The only dish of salt-water fish I ever see on the menus is filets of soles, fish which must have made a journey from the northern ports. Germany is not fortunate in its vegetables; the potatoes are never fine ones, and some of the vegetable combinations which the German cooks send to table, such as tomatoes and asparagus, are not at all happy; but the Kompots,



HATTED AGAINST THE HEAT: THE FASHIONABLE FORM TAKEN BY THE BATHING "CAP."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

the stewed fruits which every housewife in the Fatherland prepares to perfection, are ideal dishes for hot weather.

**The Kur-tax.** I wonder whether the kur-tax is an impossible burden to place on visitors to our English towns of baths. The system works so smoothly both in big cure towns, if Bath and Buxton and Harrogate and all the others could agree on some such system as I find at Homburg and Nauheim and Carlsbad and Marienbad, the Corporations would find themselves with many tens of thousands of pounds to spend on bands and advertisements and buildings without raising that dreadful spectre, an increased rate. At the Austrian cure towns the authorities class you as a First-Class Person or a Second-Class Person or an Indigent Person, according to your title or profession, or lack of profession, and a polite official calls to collect the money, and at the same time hands you a list of the charities of the town, in case you may like to subscribe to any of them. You are entitled, then, to feel that you have paid your share towards the band and the colonnades, and that you get your water from the mineral wells free, and pay an extremely small sum for "cure" baths because of this entrance-fee. In Germany the system is rather different. The visitors to any cure town pay a fixed price for their kur-ticket—it is £1 at Nauheim and £1 5s. at Homburg—and if this ticket is not taken out within five days, it is sent, and threepence charged for the sending. The ticket admits to practically everything—to the Kurhaus and its concerts and dances in particular; but without the kur-ticket it is impossible to take a cure bath, or drink from the springs, or to play tennis or golf or to go fishing. The residents are taxed in the same way, but at a lower rate.



WADING WAIST-DEEP IN HIS "STUDIO": AN ENTERPRISING PHOTOGRAPHER PREPARED TO "SNAP" BATHERS AT OSTEND.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

in Great Britain. And not only do the brewers distribute ice broadcast, but every tradesman who sells anything drinkable takes round ice to his customers. The fishmonger in England is the one tradesman who has ice to sell, and he, as often as not, does not care to part with it to customers who do not buy his fish. Here in Germany, where the drinking-water and the mineral waters are always beautifully cooled, I recall with a shudder the warm claret-cup of so many home country feasts and the tepid soda-water of so many English wayside inns.

TURBANED FOR THE TUB: A BATHING "CAP" OF UNUSUALLY ORNATE NATURE.



### Palatable Fresh-Water Fish.

If the North Sea is being netted bare of its fish, as some pessimists declare, we may have to follow the German example and content ourselves chiefly with fresh-water fish, which as a dish for hot weather has an obvious advantage over fish that has made a long journey





**L**ORD and Lady Ancaster have made a good start with their first season of entertaining in Scotland. The Speaker, Lord Elcho, Lord Helmsley, and Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish make the party for the present week, and other guests are due as these depart. Lord Ancaster, by the way, is at present learning what it

feels like to be one of the butts of Mr. Round's learned archaeological chaff. Mr. Round, in his new book, records the late Lord Ancaster's claim, made according to precedence, "to bring to his Majesty (Edward VII.) on the day of his Coronation, his Majesty's shirt, stockings, and drawers, dress his Majesty in all his apparel, and have all profits and fees thereunto belong-



DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN CALIFORNIAN MAGNATE: MISS VERA DE SABLE.

Miss Vera de Sabla is the daughter of Mr. Eugene de Sabla jun., who is a well-known capitalist of San Francisco.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

ing—viz.: forty yards of crimson velvet, together with the bed whereon the King lays [*sic*], also the night-robe of his Majesty, etc." Still more embarrassing was the claim of Lord Ancaster's predecessor who, at the Coronation of Queen Anne, made the same demands, only substituting various articles of feminine attire which even the delicacy of the old French terms he used could not altogether disguise.

"Bardy." The Duke of Atholl, who paid a visit to the King in his railway-carriage at Perth, holds about twenty peerages and almost kingly privileges in Perthshire. A body-guard of one hundred clansmen is at his beck and call. But the Duke does not often beck or call them, and at his table he dispenses with the traditional rudeness of being served before his own guests. At the end of his journey the King was greeted by the Duke's son and heir, the Marquess of Tullibardine, who



TO MARRY MAJOR W. RUSH-BROOKE EDEN, D.S.O.: MISS MARJORIE LYON-CAMPBELL.

Miss Marjorie Lyon-Campbell is a twin daughter of the late Major Lyon-Campbell, of the 74th Highlanders, and of Mrs. Lyon-Campbell, of the Gate House, Aylesbury. Major Eden, who is in the Royal Field Artillery, is a son of Lieut.-Col. A. D. Eden (late of the Cameronians), of Beaufort House, Bournemouth.

Photograph by Thomson.

prove the remark that the chief merit of Sir Anthony's portraits

At Hopetoun House.

The home-coming of Lord and Lady Linlithgow, married earlier in the year, will be observed with much state at Hopetoun House. The gardens, nearly as grandiose as those of Versailles, lend themselves to the arrival of a bride. The chains that ordinarily bar the central drive will drop at her approach, and a great welcome will resound under the splendid timber of the park. Even the rooks, without any preliminary arranging, will clap their wings. But the most famous feature of the picture-gallery must necessarily make no sign. "The handless Vanduyck," painted, it is said, to dis-



TO MARRY A WELL-KNOWN SOUTH AFRICAN MAGNATE: THE HON. MARY WESTENRA.

The Hon. Mary Westenra, whose engagement to Sir Abe Bailey has been announced, is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Rossmore, of Monaghan, Ireland, and was born in 1890.

Photograph by Val l'Ettrange.

lay in the painting of the hands, cannot, without losing its reputation, join the clapping host. But Hopetoun House will not seclude Lord and Lady Linlithgow for long. Shortly after their arrival they are likely to leave it on a visit to the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife.

"Sets" and Somersets. The Duchess of Somerset's disapproval of class extinctions is no new thing. Popular rumour assigns to her Grace a certain mission to check the growing carelessness among the lowly to remember their station. One saying, attributed to her wit, has become, in its way, a classic. She had returned to the counter of a Regent Street shop to make an inquiry about something already purchased, and was asked if she had been served by a young gentleman with fair hair. "No," she answered; "I think it was by an elderly nobleman



A RUSSO-SERVIAN ALLIANCE: PRINCESS HÉLÈNE OF SERBIA AND PRINCE JEAN CONSTANTINOVITCH OF RUSSIA, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Princess Hélène, the eldest child and only daughter of King Peter of Serbia, was born in 1884. Her mother, the Queen of Serbia, was formerly Princess Zorka of Montenegro. Prince Jean Constantinovitch, who was born in 1886, is the eldest son of the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch, whose grandfather was a brother of the Tsar's grandfather. Prince Jean is a sub-lieutenant in the Russian Regiment of the Guard, and a Knight of St. Andrew.—[Photographs by Voigt and Boissonnas and Egler.]

was one of the shooting-party at Moy Hall. "Bardy," as his name is breathed among the balmy airs of the moors, is a man of many accomplishments besides that of shooting straight. His Gaelic is wonderful to hear; and when Mr. Maurice Egerton had a fall with his biplane and severed an artery, Lord Tullibardine, the first on the scene, bound the wound up with an improvised tourniquet and saved a life.



with a bald head." A former Duchess of Somerset had a house, near by the Marble Arch, on the roof of which was a seat formerly crowded by the fair and flippant when an execution at Tyburn was an amusement of the day. Let the "impeachments" which "Susan Somerset's" friends hint against hated statesmen come to pass, and perhaps the gallows may be set up in the garden of Grosvenor Square!



ENGAGED TO MR. GORDON MEGAW: MISS FAY PAYNE-GALLWEY.

Miss Fay Payne-Gallwey is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Payne-Gallwey. Mr. Gordon Megaw was formerly in the 15th Hussars.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO MARRY THE HON. MARY WESTENRA: SIR ABE BAILEY.

Sir Abe Bailey, the well-known South African millionaire and mine-owner, was born in 1864. He is a widower, his first wife having died in 1902.

Photograph by Lafayette.



## SPECTRE TREES: A VERITABLE DANTE'S INFERNO.



KNOTTED BY NATURE: FANTASTIC, GROWING SHAPES IN THE ENCHANTED FOREST OF MAJORCA.

Amongst the natural curiosities of Majorca is a forest which may well be called enchanted, for there are in it many grotesquely twisted forms that suggest strongly strange creatures from Dante's Inferno. All of them are old olives.





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



SITTING on a blancmange, says an aviator, will give you the sensation of flying. It seems hardly worth while to risk one's neck in an aeroplane merely to get the sensation of sitting on a blancmange

Mrs. George A. Trude, of the U.S.A., is astonished at her own moderation in beautifying herself. She actually keeps her silk-stocking bill down to £15 a month, and never spends more than thirty shillings an ounce on face-powder. She is evidently of opinion that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

The average Englishwoman, we are told, spends much less than the American, French, or Viennese in beautifying herself. Nature has given her a considerable start in this handicap.

"How to Improve your Holiday Haunt." Knock any man on the head who dares to talk of writing it up.

And this is all the more necessary because a holiday is not what you think it is. It is really an opportunity for the restoration and integration of the phosphorus-permeated proteins which form the substance of the Nissl granules. Keep your eye on the Nissl granules, and they will pull you through.



Notable bags have been made this season among the wopses. To enjoy the sport you take a feather dipped in paraffin and run after your wopse. When you have overtaken it you smear a drop of paraffin, not

on its tail, but exactly in the middle of its body, and the oil gradually spreads over the beast and stifles it. This is much better than squashing it in the old crude manner.

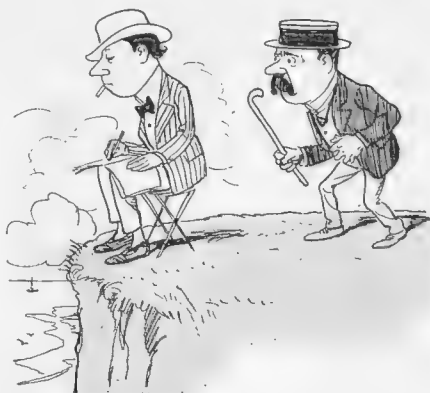
#### WELCOME, THE SEA-SERPENT.

(A visitor to Millport, while fishing near the Wee Cumbræ, observed a monster of the deep about a hundred yards away.)

Bless you, Sea-Serpent! I'd begun to think That, what with strikes and heat-waves and the rest, On the sea-floor you had contrived to slink Basely away from our autumnal jest. But now from Millport comes the cheerful news That, near the lighthouse on the Wee Cumbræ, A fisherman, one hundred yards away, Has with your coils had several interviews. Bless you again, Sea-Serpent! Had you failed, As that false Giant Gooseberry has done, In my disgruntlement I should have railed Yet more against the blaze of August's sun. But this has quieted my soul's alarms; I could not spare that flabby wrinkled skin, That short, snub nose, that sparsely bearded chin, Nor any one of your disgusting charms.

The worms have been having a poor time of it lately. From the lawns they are reported to be dying in large numbers owing to the heat; in Paris a van containing five hundredweight of them was overturned; and the Nottingham worm-gatherers have been on strike. It is said their leaders will now call on all federated worms to turn at once.

One of the most awful objects of the seashore is a bald-headed man in bathing-dress.



#### MARRIED LOVERS.

(It has been suggested that husband and wife should spend their holidays away from one another, and alleviate the pang of parting by writing love-letters to one another.)

Horace and his Lydia, all their neighbours granted, were The model of a middle-class, yet happy, married pair; But this summer business worries obliged him to postpone His holiday, so Lydia had to take one on her own.

Everything for several days proceeded as it ought, They wrote each other letters void of sentiment, and short; Till one unlucky morning when the *Daily Mirror* wrote Concerning "Married Lovers" an eventful little note.

Then Horace started "Darling," and he pumped up every phrase Reminiscent of his spoony, sentimental, courting days,

He was lavish of his love and dove, his kiss and hope and sigh, So was very much astonished to receive this curt reply:

"You have muddled up your envelopes, and, by mistake, I see The Other Woman's letter has been sent addressed to me; I've done with you for ever." And then followed in due course The preliminary papers in an action for divorce.

Mrs. Geraghty (U.S.A. of course), while caressing a £400 pup, told a reporter that she would sooner live in a kennel with her chauffeur husband than in a palace with a New York Society fool. The kennel of a £400 pup must of course be the height of luxury.



With respect to bathing at Thorpe Bay during the heat wave, Councillor Newitt moved that anyone be allowed to bathe who was dressed in University costume. Cap and gown seems hardly the proper costume for the beach.

One delegate to the Carnegie Peace Conference, which has been sitting at Berne, declared that if a nation is not to go to sleep it ought to have a war from time to time. And, far more important than that, if there were no wars the peacemongers would never get into the newspapers.

The Government of Selangor has granted ten thousand acres of land to a company for the cultivation of cocoanuts. Here you are! Roll, bowl, or pitch! All the fun of the fair!

Natural history for children. The average weight of the cormorant is six pounds, and every day it eats thirty-six pounds of fish, but cannot get up its weight. Finally it dies. This is the

tragedy of the cormorant.

That good old perennial, "What is a gentleman?" has cropped up again. Properly speaking, he is one who is entitled to bear coat-armour; improperly speaking, he is any male; but for everyday purposes he may be defined as one who never talks about mint in the presence of lambs.





✿      ✿      OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!      ✿      ✿



FIRE BY THE SUN AT NOON EACH DAY: THE FAMOUS GUN OF THE PALAIS ROYAL ANNOUNCING TWELVE O'CLOCK.

The sun, focussed by lenses, fires the gun at noon each day. The "weapon" is, of course, adjusted, as necessary, so that the lenses catch the rays at the proper moment.

*Photographs by A. Harlingue and International Illustrations.*



CHARGING THE SUN-FIRED GUN: PREPARING THE WEAPON FOR ITS DAILY DUTY.



BRINGING DOWN A BALLOON WITH A RIFLE-SHOT: THE NEW WEAPON FIRING THE GAS.



A RIFLE DESIGNED TO FIRE THE GAS IN BALLOONS AND SO BRING THEM, FLAMING, TO EARTH.

The ordinary rifle-bullet will pierce the bag of a balloon and pass through it without doing much damage. Thus has come about the invention of a bullet which fires the gas. This is used with a rifle of the form shown. Shells are also made to fire the gas in dirigibles.—[Photographs by International Illustrations.]



THE RESULT OF A "HIT": THE FLAMING GAS-BAG BROUGHT TO GROUND.



ICED AIR FOR A STUDY: THE SWIMMING-POOL IN MR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S HOUSE, ARRANGED AS A ROOM FOR SUMMER USE.

In the hot weather Professor Bell converted his swimming-pool into a study. Pipe A discharges cold air from an ice-box B into the lower part of the swimming-pool at A'. In the pipe A is an electric fan C, which draws the air from the ice-box B. The air in the pipe D, leading to the box B, has a suitable valve E, by which the supply of fresh air may be regulated.

*Photograph by Transatlantic Co.*



THE BLIND GEOGRAPHER OF PARIS: M. LOUIS BOUQUIN AND THE CONTRIVANCES WITH WHICH HE ILLUSTRATES THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

M. Bouquin is very well known to the Parisian in the street, and a popular figure. He is blind, but is able by means of the arrangement of stones and sticks and placards here shown to give lectures on the history and geography of France which prove fascinating to many a passer-by. He picks his way among the complex lines of his diagrams without once overturning a stone or stick.

*Photograph by Paul Chaux.*





By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

#### A Repertory Theatre in Melbourne.

Under the management of Mr. Gregan McMahon, there have lately been given performances in Melbourne of Ibsen's awful drama, "John Gabriel Borkmann," and of St. John Hankin's clever farce, "The Two Mr. Wetherbys," acted by young local players. The venture was successful from all points of view. To some of my readers this may seem a fact of prodigiously little importance; but in reality the matter, truly viewed, amounts to a great deal. It is the beginning of an effort in Melbourne to throw off the yoke of London in matters theatrical, for Mr. McMahon and those people associated with him in the enterprise intend to try to give to Australia a native drama. Up to now, Australia, like Canada and South Africa, has been the hunting-ground of the London manager alone or in conjunction with local managers, the whole policy being to work on and from London. In fact, London has been to these countries in the relation in which it stood till quite lately to the rest of Great Britain. Even people in theatredom are aware that London's empire over the theatres in the little islands is slipping away; that Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool have made revolts more or less successful; and that "village players" have shown some real activity. At the present moment plans are being matured for a venture in Canada, till now exploited both by London and the "Trust"-dominated theatres of the United States. And now Australia is making a movement. Up to the present we have read with some amusement, and perhaps a little feeling of humiliation, of the triumphant tours in Australia of our popular players presenting stock dramas and melodramas of the entirely mechanical type, or mutilated versions of Shakespeare, and from time to time reports have come of honours showered officially upon the chief figures in these enterprises. At the same time there have been musical comedies—ventures consisting of London successes: in their case I am not sure whether the official banquets and public receptions have taken place. And some of us at home, considering all this, have wondered how long it would be before the intelligent Australians were asking to be something better than mere theatrical suburbans.

**A World Movement.** In reality the little effort in Melbourne is symptomatic of a great world movement, one aspect of which is the desire of some of the thinkers of the world to seize the theatre and use it as a means of educating the people. The art-for-art's-sake enthusiasts may cry out against this. There are many sincere, earnest people who regard as sacrilege the idea of using a branch of art as means of education. I have no patience with the extreme members of the art-for-art's-sake cult, with those who are content if a city be beautiful even though most of the inhabitants are hungry, with the faddist of whom fun is made in the prelude to "Fanny's First Play" (by-the-bye, I wonder what Melbourne will think of the latest Shaw piece)—and indeed I am inclined to sympathise with Philip Madras, the melancholy hero of "The Madras House," who, so my memory prompts me, wanted to found

a society for the cult of ugliness, for the better education of the art-for-art's-sake people. Certainly no set of dilettanti can effectually block the movement—which some regard as progress—for using the stage as an engine in working out our social development. Censors may do their worst; the Kaiser, disgusted with the tendency of the drama towards freedom of thought, may give something like a curse to the theatre and forbid the Hohenzollerns to patronise it officially any longer; but the weapon in early days employed, in the form of mysteries and miracle-plays, by the priests for their purposes will still be sharpened and used, though nine-tenths of the people connected with the fashionable theatre will know nothing about what is happening till after the event.

**A Sand-Castle.** It may seem as if this humble venture at Melbourne is little foundation for these remarks; but the weight of it lies in the evidence afforded that over there, as over here—as, indeed, everywhere—playgoers are growing discontented with a theatre which has done so little with its vast opportunities—which, indeed, has refused to utilise most of what is best in it. With all the extraordinary advantages possessed by it, the London stage should be the centre of the dramatic world. Paris, once the hub of the theatrical universe, forfeited her position mainly through ridiculous self-satisfaction and contempt for foreign ideas, and London has lost her status partly because of pure commercialism and partly from the sheer stupidity of those in power. It may seem sad to the Londoner to see the reins pass out of London's hands. Perhaps it is more correct to say that the reins are broken in her hands, for apparently no other city will take the place of London.

**The Future of Drama.** Of course for a long time there will be no apparent change. Even in Melbourne our stars will for a while continue to tour proudly and earn money with dead plays, and have banquets given in their honour. Still the failure of ordinary drama in London will find its parallel elsewhere, just as the success of the Abbey Theatre will be followed by similar triumphs in other places. On the topic of the Irish theatre, I should like to add that I was told that the valuable company which gave a brilliant set of performances, admired by critics of all kinds, at the Court Theatre this season, is the child of the Abbey Theatre, and nearly every

member of it has learnt his or her art in this young National Theatre. What has been done in dear dirty Dublin will be done elsewhere. There may be some truth in the saying that art has no boundaries, still it is certain that the early stages of the arts are intensely local. We shall have repertory theatres throughout the Anglo-Saxon lands, each, or almost each, beginning its career by producing the plays already in existence and rejected by the orthodox London stage, which have caused the present system to totter; a little later, when the new ideas are absorbed, each individual theatre will evolve its own stage, whilst the greater elements in them, as a whole, will form the new universal drama expressive of the Anglo-Saxon race.



TO PLAY LAURENCE CHANCELLOR IN MR. HALL CAINE'S NEW PLAY, "THE QUALITY OF MERCY": MR. EILLE NORWOOD (AS THE DUC DE NEMOURS IN "LOUIS XI.")

Mr. Eille Norwood is to play the leading rôle in Mr. Hall Caine's new play, "The Quality of Mercy," originally called "The Unwritten Law," which is set down for production at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Sept. 4. Mr. Norwood will be remembered for excellent work in various parts, at the Haymarket, and with Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Cyril Maude, and Mr. Laurence Irving. It is confidently predicted that, as Laurence Chancellor, he will add a decided success to those he has already achieved. The action of Mr. Hall Caine's play—which, by the way, is the only play by that distinguished author whose plot has not first appeared in book form—takes place in Pickering, Yorkshire; and on board a whaler in the Greenland seas; it is spread over a period of thirty years.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



## ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS? HOW YOU MAY KNOW YOUR LUCK.

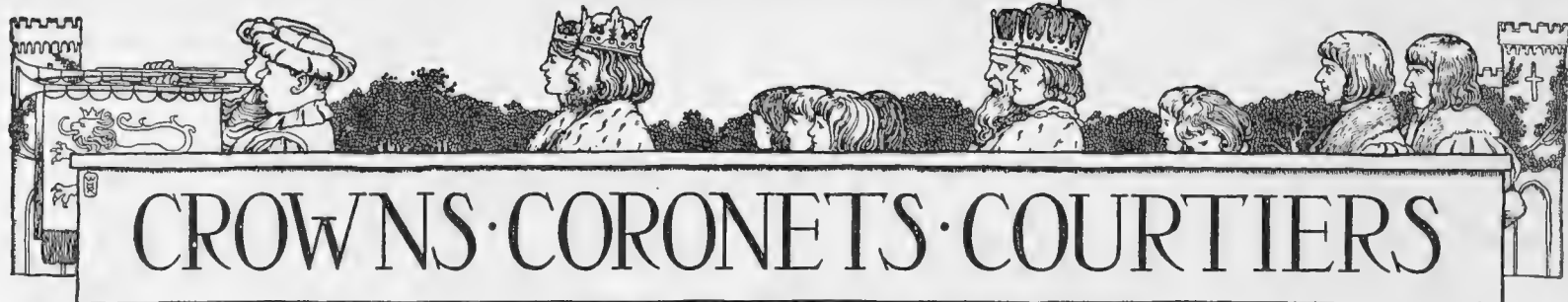


1. THE LAUGHTER OF THE GODS AT THE FORTUNES OF MEN: A GOD OF LUCK FROM THE FAR EAST.
2. THE SIGN OF AVARICE: AN ITCHING PALM.
3. TO AVERT ILL-LUCK: THE POSITION OF THE HAND WITH THE SECOND AND THIRD FINGERS BENT INWARD.
4. POSSESSED OF MYSTERIOUS POWERS: A NAIL FOUND BY CHANCE IN THE STREET.

5. OF VARYING OMEN ACCORDING TO THE TIME OF DAY: THE MYSTIC SPIDER.
6. A PROTECTION FROM SORROW AND A DIFFUSER OF HAPPINESS: A BUNCH OF MISTLETOE.
7. A POTENT TALISMAN AMONG THE LAPLANDERS: A WALRUS-TOOTH ENGRAVED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE POSSESSOR'S SWEETHEART.
8. A FATAL OMEN: THREE LIGHTS TOGETHER.

The other day a French writer, impressed by the flutter of alarm which the use of a certain "unlucky" word caused in a circle of literary and theatrical friends—all men of the world—wrote to various well-known people to ask whether they were superstitious. The replies varied: some, including Maeterlinck, said that they were not superstitious; others admitted that, although they might not believe in them, in practice they were influenced by omens. We illustrate a few of the curiosities of this kind of superstition which still survives in this scientific twentieth century. Photograph No. 3 shows a peculiar position of the hand, with the second and third fingers bent inward, which superstitious people adopt when they see or hear anything considered unlucky, at the same time uttering a deprecation of the evil influence. The spider gives a different omen at different times of day: seen in the morning, he portends trouble; at mid-day, the approach of friends; in the evening, hope; at midnight, worries. Three lights together, signify death—in the eyes of the superstitious.





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

TWO of the best horsewomen in England are in the lists of the recently engaged.

Lady Helen Grosvenor, an aunt of the Duke of Westminster, although nine years his junior, is, it is now formally announced, to marry Sir Hill Child, the rumour of whose engagement reached these columns some weeks ago. Miss

Westenra, engaged to Sir Abe Bailey, of South Africa and East Grinstead, is already famous in the saddle, although but twenty years old. Both ladies, in being sportswomen, fulfil a family tradition which nothing can break. Miss Westenra's uncle, the late Lord Rossmore, was killed while steeplechasing before Queen Victoria at Windsor, a death so tragically sudden that the banshee of Rossmore Castle, which shrieks "Rossmore, Rossmore" as a warning of a family death, was taken unawares. Miss Westenra was entertained, with

twelve small pieces of luggage when the American traveller would see to it that two or three big boxes answered the same purpose. But even with a big birdcage, a greyhound, and infants, if not on her lap, at least on her mind, the Duchess of Westminster seemed not at all overburdened on her journey from Eaton to the North the other day. Her defence for the presence of her winged and four-footed fellow-passengers can easily be imagined—that the strike made them absolutely necessary, the dog to bark and the parrot to use bad language supposing the train, a very special one, should be held up!

## *The Chief Secretary's Claim.*

Mr. Augustine Birrell has no horses — except hobby-horses. Nevertheless, the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Birrell have been important features of the Dublin Horse Show. The presence of a young Alfred Tennyson at their parties reminds one that there is one horse with which Mrs. Birrell has an old-time association—Pegasus, of course. And Mr. Birrell is cunning in pleading his own particular connection with horseflesh: "St. Augustine, remember, was of Hippo," he reminded an Irishman redolent of the Turf, the other day.



DAUGHTER OF THE 12TH DUKE OF HAMILTON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE; THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM.

Before her marriage to the Marquess of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, which took place in 1906, the Marchioness was known as Lady Mary Louise Douglas-Hamilton. She has a son, the Earl of Kincardine, who was born in 1907, and a daughter, Lady Mary Graham, born in 1909.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, by Sir Abe at the Ritz the other day.

*The Last Engagement.* Bethell luck is likely to become proverbial, and Lord Westbury seems already to have passed on to his only son and heir an aptitude for the



FORMERLY MISS FRANCES LOIS LISTER-KAYE: THE COUNTESS OF ROSSE.

Miss Frances Lister-Kaye, daughter of Mr. Cecil Edmund Lister-Kaye, brother of Sir John Lister-Kaye, Bt., married the Earl of Rosse three years before he succeeded to the title—that is to say, in 1905. She has one son, Lord Oxmantown, who was born in 1906, and one daughter, Lady Mary Parsons, who was born in 1907.

*Photograph by Dover Street Studios.*

good fortune that makes a winner at Monte Carlo and the inheritor of several unexpected fortunes. The property in Tuscany that fell to Lord Westbury's lot some years ago, the most delightful of Florentine villas, and his triumphs as a pioneer in electric traction, show that success, rather coy in its former dealings with the family, waylays its present head both far and near. At the present moment the Hon. Richard Bethell is receiving a shower of congratulations on the score of his engagement to Miss Evelyn Hutton. The future Lady Westbury is a daughter of Colonel Hutton, of Gate Burton Hall, and Mrs. Hutton, of Queen Anne's Gate.

*The Dumb Speak.* English people are not seldom reminded at this season that, hampering themselves on their travels with innumerable hampers, they lug about



DAUGHTER OF LADY ADELAIDE FITZGERALD, AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE 4TH DUKE OF LEINSTER; MISS KATHLEEN FITZGERALD.

Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald is the younger of the daughters of the late Lord Maurice Fitzgerald, second son of the fourth Duke of Leinster. Her mother was known before her marriage, which took place in 1880, as Lady Adelaide Forbes, daughter of the seventh Earl of Granard.

*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*



ROBED AND CORONETTED: THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

It will be recalled that the Countess was Miss Mary Gwatkin Rosslewin Ellis, and is a daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Rosslewin Ellis, barrister-at-law. Her marriage took place in 1908. Lord Clancarty's first wife, who died in 1906, was Miss Isabel Bilton, daughter of Mr. John Bilton, of Charlton, Kent.—[*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*]



ROBED AND CORONETTED: THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

Miss Florence Mary Darell, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Tierney Gilchrist Darell, married the Earl of Kinnoull in 1903. Lord Kinnoull's first wife was Miss Josephine Maria Hawke (who died in 1900), daughter of the late Mr. John Hawke, of Burlington Gardens, W.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*



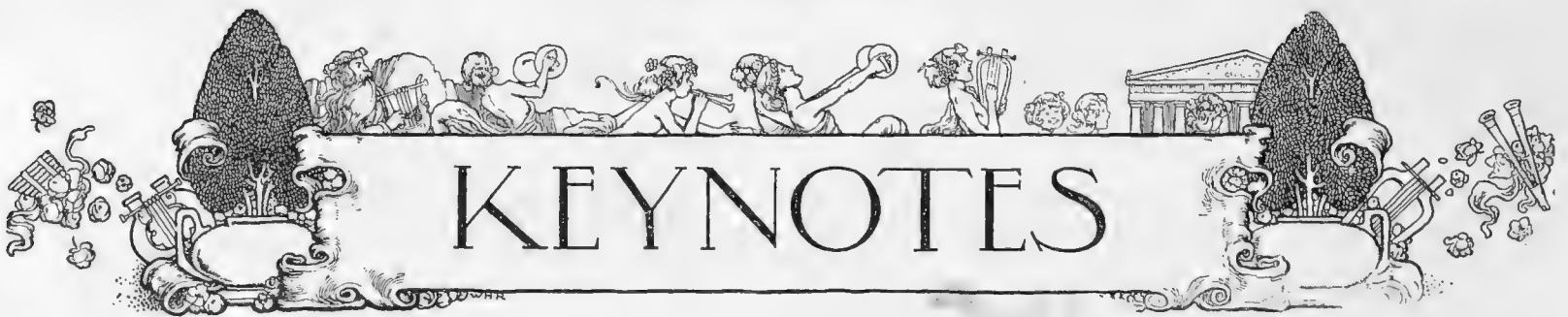
*The Poetic Dog! No. IV.—Coy Bulldogs.*

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



"SOME THERE ARE WHO DO THUS IN BEAUTY LOVE EACH OTHER."—MARTERLINCK.





IN the beginning of August, when people began to consider the great question of holidays, I asked a few discerning friends to send me from the seaside or spa they elected to favour one or two concert programmes and a few words about the minor musical entertainments. Glancing over the papers sent to me, I find a notable unanimity of opinion. The concert programmes are

praised both for what they undertake and what they achieve, while my half-dozen correspondents unite in speaking well of the little companies of pierrots, strolling players, or mysterious minstrels who cater for the populace and appear to do their work extremely well.

It does not seem many years ago since the average seaside orchestra was a poor thing indeed. Recruited without any consideration for the balance of sound, it was insufficiently rehearsed, conducted in the most slipshod fashion, and devoted to the playing of

far to deserve the success that cannot be commanded. They have introduced quite a healthy tone into the most popular form of seaside entertainment. Their comic songs are often amusing, and even the sentimental ditties are distinctly less foolish than those that used to be so popular.

It is right to attach some importance to seaside music, because it plays no small part in moulding the popular taste, and as it pulls itself further and further out of the old bad rut, is helping to educate the masses. To-day the quality of the instruments in the seaside orchestras is often very good. The soloists are competent, and have a saving sense of their own limitations, so that they do not often offend by endeavouring to fulfil a task beyond their gifts. Among the lesser lights, the troupes of pierrots and the rest, you find singers who can sing and players who can play, and among the audiences that listen an ever-rising standard of criticism. The change forces one to believe that if the old-stagers, the men who made the seaside hideous five-and-twenty years ago, could return to the place of their labours, they would find no following.

The work of the municipal orchestras at seaside and spa is really excellent. They are teaching a public that is not greatly concerned with matters of music, and regards it only as a cover for conversation, novel-reading, and needlework, that good and dull music are not synonymous terms. Movements from great symphonies, overtures of the less hackneyed kind, and tone-poems now find a place to which the generation that preceded ours would not under any circumstances have admitted them. They replace strident marches, feeble and sentimental waltzes, and much else of the flotsam and jetsam of music that was nearly always to be found stranded in the neighbourhood of the pier. It may be that some of the orchestras are not big enough for the work they tackle, but as long as there is a reasonable association between what is attempted and what is achieved, vaulting ambition seems better than no ambition at all.

It is surprising to find that, in spite of the improvements briefly noted here, the average citizen still regards music as something properly to be associated only with holiday-making, and has no part in his ordinary workaday life. When he will wake to the fact that our neighbours on the Continent have made music their daily companion without cost to themselves, and without diminishing the measure of their daily labour, he may begin to see the possibilities that others have recognised for so many years. In those days we shall not find orchestras limited to a few great cities and to holiday resorts. They will cater for a need that will have been recognised at last throughout the length and breadth of these islands.



NADINA IN "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER" AT THE LYRIC DURING MISS CONSTANCE DREVER'S HOLIDAY: MISS MARGARET ISMAY.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

futile work. This last was not altogether matter for complaint, for when on rare occasions the conductor felt that he "must give the classics a chance" the result was deplorable, and could under no circumstances have been otherwise, for even had the players understood the music they were grappling with, the proportions of their instruments made a proper rendering impossible.

Of course there were always a few seaside orchestras that did not come into the category of the unfit, but they belonged without exception to long-established seaside towns, and were often, if not always, in the employ of the municipality. The new seaside resort, struggling painfully along the road of popularity, had neither the money to spend on good music nor the taste to direct expenditure had it been possible to make any.

The entertainment on the sands was in the majority of cases deplorable. Illiterate gentlemen with straw hats, wide-frilled collars, and faces that, doubtless because of their sins against music, had become exceeding black, divided a programme between maudlin sentimentality and vulgarity. I can recollect troupes of these performers who kept a comparatively clean programme for the morning and afternoon, and catered for those whose tastes were less simple at the third and last performance, given at nine o'clock. Nowadays the "nigger minstrel" tends to disappear from our seaside resorts, and, where he still lingers, is quite harmless. Gone, too, are most of the old brigade of the seaside orchestras, the men who had been brought to the bandstand by misfortune, sometimes by drink, whose attainments were of the smallest and whose solitary ambition was to get the performance over. The players in our seaside orchestras, and those who give entertainments on a small stage set up on the sands or in the public gardens, are now, in the great majority of cases, educated men and women, young, ambitious, and capable. You will find that the most of them have been through some academy or musical college, and that, where the combination of which they are units is a scratch one, it has been formed for the sake of an agreeable and remunerative holiday and the experience that comes of repeated appearances on the platform. It is the means to an end. Many of these little companies of entertainers make enough to enable them to pay a heavy, one might almost say an exorbitant, rent for their "pitch," and they work with an energy and devotion that go



CHOSEN BY RICHARD STRAUSS TO SING "DIE MARSCHALLIN" IN "DER ROSENKAVALIER" IN LONDON: MME. CARIN GILLBERG-GADE.

Mme. Carin Gillberg-Gade, the well-known Swedish operatic star, was formerly connected with Grand Opera in Berlin. She was to have made her first appearance in England in the autumn in "Der Rosenkavalier," but the postponement of the production of that opera here means, we fear, that we shall not have the pleasure of greeting her so soon.

COMMON CHORD.



"WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES."—BY G. K. CHESTERTON.



"MR. G. K. CHESTERTON IS SLAIN BY THE OTHER PEASANT PROPRIETORS AND SMALL-OWNERS FOR OCCUPYING TOO MUCH OF THE LAND."



"MR. LLOYD GEORGE IS ARRESTED FOR PURITANISM."

In our last Issue we gave two of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's drawings of "When the Revolution Comes," promising to reproduce others in due course. We have much pleasure in redeeming that promise.

Copyright; H. D. C. Pepler.



## FORE !



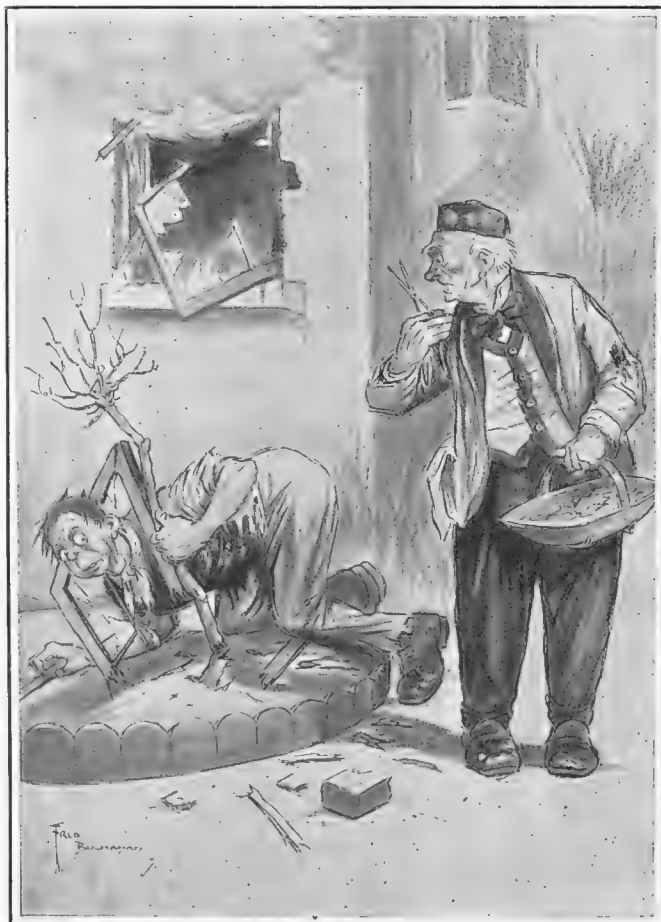
MRS. BROWN: I'm thinking of giving up using fresh milk—I read an article in the paper saying all kinds of infection can be got from it.  
THE MILKMAN: Don't worry, Madam; our water is always well boiled first.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE CUSTOMER: Do you sell invisible hair-nets?  
THE ASSISTANT: Yes, Madam.  
THE CUSTOMER: Will you let me see one, please?

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE PLUMBER (whose researches have been assisted by a naked light):  
You was quite right, Sir; that was an escape o' gas.

DRAWN BY F. BUCHANAN.



THE SHORT-SIGHTED OLD GENTLEMAN (to the KNIFE-GRINDER): Why  
don't you ring your bell, you idiot?

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



## PAYIN' LESS EXTRACTION.



THE LABOURER (*after his tooth has been drawn quickly and skilfully*): What's the charge, Mister?

THE DENTIST: Well, my usual fee would be beyond you, I'm afraid; so suppose we say half-a-crown.

THE LABOURER: Now, then, Doctor, go easy. You must be jokin' shurely! Why, the last tooth I 'ad drawn took the man 'alf an hour—an' 'e trailed me all round th' room afore it give way—an' then he only asked a shillin'

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.





## PROPAGANDA ON THE ROAD.\*

"DINNER-PARTIES and theatres had palled on me; dresses and hats, no matter how charming they appeared to others, to me looked tawdry and faded, and I ached for an open-air life and sunshine. . . . To add to my grievances, letters came nearly every day from four friends who had the good luck to be caravanning, and their descriptions of the glorious weather and scenery, of the difficulties with the tent, their mistakes in cookery, and all the delightful mishaps that four women might expect under the circumstances, seemed to me the very experience necessary to raise my spirits and make me once again glad to live."

Thus Lady Russell, after a deprecatory preface in which she explains that her caravan story was written before the delightful experiences of recent caravanners were given to the world.

An obscure gentleman, alluded to as "my Owner," called in the doctor, being anxious about the depression of spirits noted above, and the doctor, with great medical tact, prescribed the caravan party, "and the sooner the better." "I started off in my motor next day. . . . I tried not to look too happy, but I was full of joy at getting off, for the offer had been made that he himself (the Owner) would drive me if I waited another day, and I left him looking very disconsolate. . . . A mile outside Deepdene I caught sight of a caravan in a field with a wood for a background, and by its side was pitched a pale-green, square tent with an awning and open front. . . . A nearer view of the picture was not so artistic and beautiful as the view I had some distance off." The disposition of the vanners' clothes made her think of Betsy Gamp's trousseau; she mentally rearranged them, and disposed of the rubbish-heaps reposing under the van.

The Invalid and the Gloved One, so called from her invariable appearance in gloves, were playing chess. The Dormouse, whose real name was Koscezza, slept appropriately on a low bed in the tent, and Pans—short for Pansy—had gone to the town for provisions. Lady Russell thinks that Pansy is the biggest woman she has met, "soul, heart, and body full of cleverness and capability, and beautiful to look at besides." By the close of the first meal, which was high tea, "I had most effectively turned myself into camp-manager," relieving Pans, who had hitherto borne the burden and heat, by organised distribution of labour. She bought hay, and made her bed under the stars upon a couple of hurdles dragged from the hedge. After bridge and bread-and-cheese, she "crept inside it with a quiver of delight, which was heightened at the thought of the dismay my good man would feel if he knew what his delicate wife was doing. . . . I was alone under the stars. I

can never forget this first experience of sleeping in the open—I felt surrounded with mystery, and my senses seemed more alive; vague thoughts as to the meaning of things came in waves approaching. . . . I realised what is meant by the peace which passeth understanding—it was to be in harmony with Nature, to cease struggling, to fit into your own niche and peacefully float out to the stars."

The Countess was sent by Pans to negotiate with a crusty old lady for a field for the night's camp, and the Dormouse, who was a particularly wideawake young creature for a Dormouse, remarked subsequently, "When I saw you come back last night with your face flaming, and that dangerous blue light in your eyes, I knew you had been waving the flag of freedom. As a rule, you only bring out the blue flame when you are dressing down some unfortunate man; but to shine it on one of your own gentle sex, tut tut! . . . And Lady Russell admits that "although I have not been endowed with the best brand of brains, something bestowed on me a very bitter tongue, which I use when the occasion requires. I always feel thankful after a verbal fray that I need not say, 'Why did I not say so and so?' because I find I have already said something far more caustic than anything that occurs to me afterwards." When the crusty old lady asks them to breakfast, Lady Russell exhorts them to remember that "in gratifying an appetite, they are ministering to a soul"—the old lady's,

to wit. At her breakfast-table, or smoking with a thoughtful farmer in his kitchen, or in the course of a luncheon with a delightfully stage-like Irish priest, close-written pages occur, where may be seen ominous phrases, such as—"a hotbed of sex," "Divorce Court,"

"sexual dyspepsia," "woman's economic bondage to the man," "the payment of mothers," and every other passionate argument which woman, politically considered, can evoke in the breast of woman. One is forced to conclude that the Countess equipped herself for the affair with more than those becoming sun-bonnets and short skirts to which she confesses.

Lady Russell liked everything about the caravan except its pace, which bored her. "I find I can see things perfectly flying along in a motor at thirty miles an hour," she says in her animated way; "and jogging on with the eye riveted on an old gate until you feel you know it so well that it might be a relation, it takes so long to get out of your ken, made my poor eyes tired and sleepy." No one will say so much of Lady Russell's racy

account of "Its" inmates, nor of her advanced politics, nor of her philosophy of sex. These fly past the reader—at thirty miles an hour; and those who motor may read how she longs to tidy us up, as she brought order to the feminine camp at Deepdene.



THE TRAIL OF THE BOOKWORM IN INDIA:  
A MUCH-DAMAGED BOOK.

The cis are a genus of coleopterous insects of the family Xylophaga. They do much harm to books, furniture, the wood in houses, and so on, by piercing small holes in them. Those which work their wicked will on books are generally termed bookworms.—[Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.]



A COLLECTION OF BOOKS RUINED BY BOOKWORMS: DAMAGE DONE BY CIS.

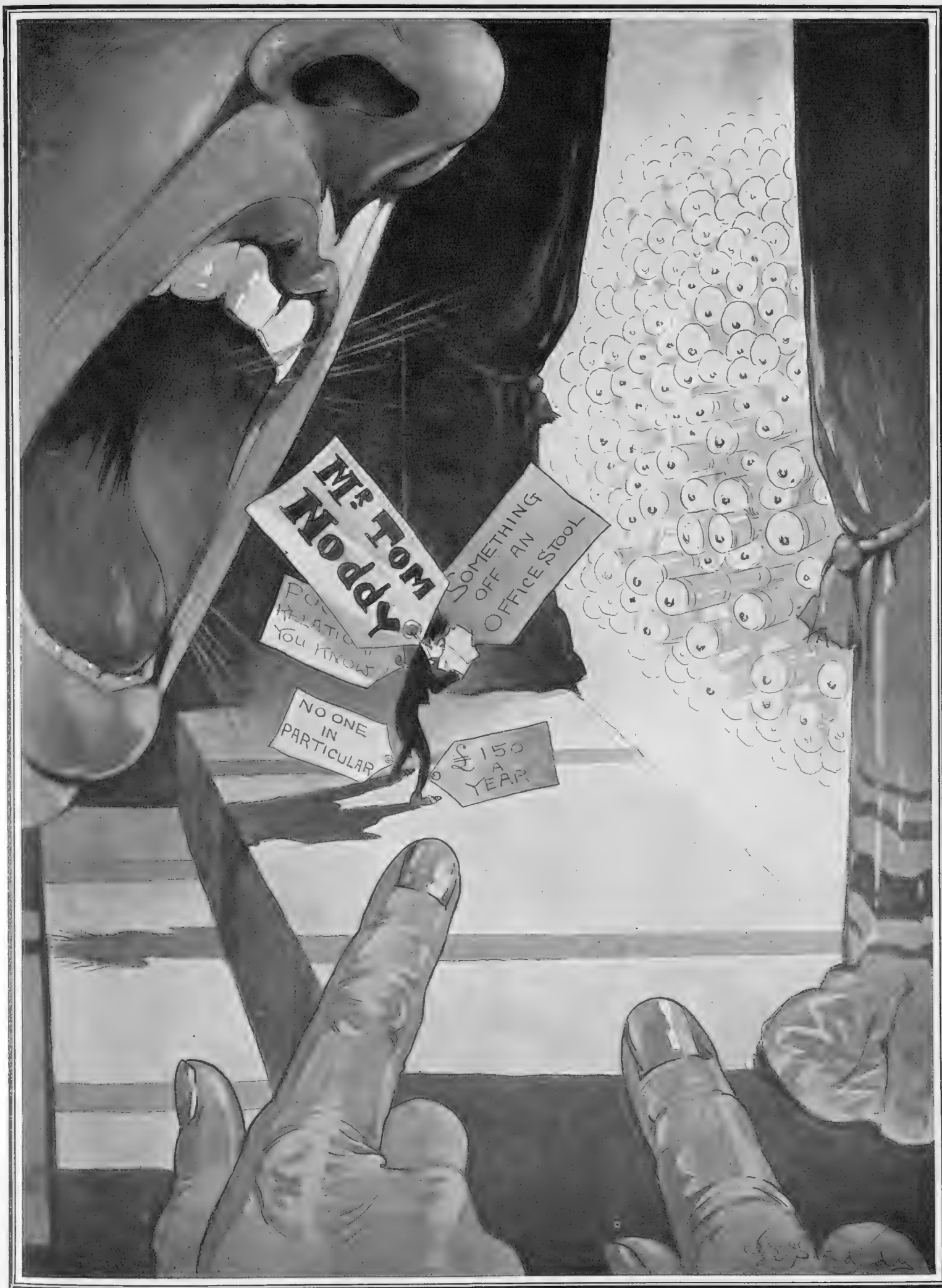
Dr. William R. Reinick, of the Philadelphia Free Library, has given years to making a curious collection of works damaged by bookworms the world over. Some of the bookworms whose ravages have come under his notice seem to be poison-eaters and to go through volumes for the sake of absorbing the dyes in the bindings; others prefer the rice or clay used in the manufacture of Oriental paper; all do their work thoroughly, as may be seen.

Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.

\* "Five Women and a Caravan." By Countess Russell. (Eveleigh Nash. 5s. net.)

## Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.







#### IV.—THE MYSTERY OF THE BOUND ASSISTANT.

IN my natural desire to make my "portrait gallery" of celebrated criminals as complete as possible, I was endeavouring to levy contributions on my friend Inspector Chance.

He had promised to look over his "belongings" and see if he had anything he could spare, and the next time I met him he handed me the portrait of a remarkably pretty little woman.

"Here you are," he said; "I had a job to find it. When I first had it I put it on my mantelshelf, but my wife was — or pretended to be—jealous, and I threw it into a drawer.

"The fact is, I once—in the course of business, you will please understand—made myself very agreeable to this young lady, and foolishly told my wife about it. She didn't appreciate the fact that I had only acted the part of a smitten swain professionally, and that's why this portrait got stowed away out of sight."

"To pretend to make love to a pretty woman like this was rather cruel," I suggested.

"Let me tell you what had happened before I made her acquaintance, and judge me on the facts.

"One fine afternoon an elegantly dressed man of about five-and-thirty called upon Messrs. Lincoln and Walker, the well-known jewellers in Bond Street.

"He wanted to make a birthday present of a diamond necklace to his wife, and he was not particular about the price. But she was confined to the house with a bad cold, and he did not care to buy a necklace without first giving her an opportunity of making a selection. Could Messrs. Lincoln and Walker send an assistant with some diamond necklaces to his house that day for his wife to see?

"The elegantly dressed gentleman gave the jewellers his card and his address. His name was Herbert Darville, and his address a house in a fashionable street in the West End, and about six o'clock that evening one of their assistants, having with him five diamond necklaces worth several thousands of pounds, knocked at the door of the house in the fashionable street with every hope of doing a good stroke of business for his firm.

"The assistant was a little surprised when the master of the house himself opened the door. But the gentleman was equal to the occasion. He had his hat on and his cane in his hand.

"That's lucky," he said, "I was just going out. I didn't think you would call till later. Come upstairs to the drawing-room. I will let my wife know you are here."

"The jewellers' assistant followed the gentleman, and was shown into an elegantly furnished room on the first floor. There he proceeded to open the bag containing the diamond necklaces. Knowing his business, he only took out one—the most expensive.

"Presently the gentleman returned, and informed the assistant that the lady would be with him in a minute. The assistant expected to see the lady come in at the door through which her husband had gone to seek her. He was therefore rather startled to hear a door open on the other side of the room and immediately behind him.

"Before he could turn his head the man sprang forward and grasped his arms, while a woman—the assistant had heard the rustling of skirts—threw her arms round his neck, and holding a pad over his mouth and nose, pressed it tightly.

"The pad was chloroformed, and though the assistant struggled, he was held firmly by the man while the anæsthetic began to take effect.

"For a time the victim of the assault remained under the influence of the chloroform and knew nothing. When he came to himself he found that he was lying on a sofa with his hands and feet bound with stout cords.

"A moment later he heard the front door close with a bang.

"There was now dead silence in the house. The captive shouted, but no answer came from below or above. He was now convinced that he had been entrapped into a house in which the only people had been his two assailants.

"He struggled and writhed as he lay on the couch, and at last, to his intense relief, he found that he had managed to loosen the cord that bound his wrists. With a tremendous effort he at last freed one hand, and then he had no difficulty in liberating himself.

"His first thought was for the precious necklaces. He rushed to the table and to his delight found that the bag in which he had left four of the necklaces was still where he had placed it—under the table and hidden by the folds of the tablecloth. In their eagerness to secure the diamond necklace that was exposed to view the thieves had omitted to look about to see if the assistant had brought any others with him.

"He seized the bag and, dashing downstairs, flung the door open and ran out into the street shouting, 'Police, Police!'

"The preliminary inquiries that were made revealed very little that was valuable as a clue to the identity of the guilty pair.

"The house had been taken furnished a few days previously by a gentleman who stated that he had just come from the Continent. He had given his name as Herbert Darville and had referred the landlord to a titled lady who was staying at one of the principal hotels at Harrogate, where she was undergoing the 'cure.'

"The lady was written to, and a reply received which was quite satisfactory. Mr. Darville was well known to her, and he and his wife had been most satisfactory tenants and had always paid with the utmost promptness.

"The landlord was satisfied, the agreement was drawn up and signed, and, at the new tenant's request, the landlord told him of a West-End Agency where he could obtain suitable servants.

"While the police were on the premises on the night of the robbery one servant returned, and was very much alarmed when, having knocked at the door, she was admitted by a constable in uniform.

"The girl was at once asked for any information she could give concerning her master and mistress, and replied that she was the only domestic employed, but that the master had told her others were coming in a day or two.

"On the afternoon of the crime the master had given her a letter and told her to take it to the lady to whom it was addressed at Twickenham, and to wait for an answer.

"The girl had wandered all over Twickenham looking for the address, and had only given up the search after she was assured by a postman that there was no such road in the district.

"And this was all the information the police got after a week of anxious inquiry. The lady of title whose name had been used for the reference was quite unknown in her own person at the hotel at Harrogate. She had never stayed there.

"There was absolutely nothing for the police to go upon except the description of the man given by the jewellers, their assistant, and the landlord, and the description of the woman given by the maid-servant.

"The man was dark, of medium height, good-looking, and clean-shaven except for a slight moustache; the lady was fair, with a clear complexion, blue eyes, hair either naturally or artificially golden, rather short, and decidedly pretty.

"Of course, the case got a tremendous amount of publicity in the Press, and we were not astonished when letters began to pour into the Yard from all quarters from persons who were quite sure that a certain man or a certain woman was one of the guilty pair.

"The only person who had seen them both in circumstances which identified them as concerned in the robbery was the maid-servant. She was taken by the plain-clothes officers engaged in the wild-goose chase to identify several 'likely' couples; but without success. Soon afterwards the girl got a place in Scotland, and was not available for the continual alarms and excursions.

"But one day we received a letter which contained information which looked promising. A lady at Malvern was sure she had the wanted woman staying with her as a lodger. The authorities were inclined to take her communication seriously, and, to my great delight, I was despatched to that charming and romantic health resort to make an investigation on the spot.

"The landlady met me, as had been arranged, at the station, and told me that she had a lodger, a Mrs. Petly, a married woman with a young baby who had returned from a visit to London the day after the affair. The woman had come without her husband, who, she said, had gone abroad.

"She had left the baby with the landlady while they went to London.

[Continued overleaf.]

## THE OPEN AIR AS OPENER OF POCKETS: ROOF THEATRES.



## WHY NOT IN ENGLAND WHEN NIGHTS ARE WARM? ROOF GARDENS OF NEW YORK.

The roof garden, with which is nearly always associated the open-air theatre or music-hall, is a popular feature of New York's facilities for amusement. During this hot summer the question has often occurred—why does not London adopt the same excellent plan? There has been much heart-burning among certain managers because the heat has kept their houses empty, and much grumbling among audiences at the close atmosphere of theatres. The remedy is obvious—that is, a fresh-air cure.

*Photographs by Byron, New York.*



"The landlady saw the description of the man and woman published in the papers, and instantly a dozen little things came to her mind. Her lodgers were in London at the time of the robbery. The man was dark and of medium height, but he had whiskers when he left Malvern. He might have shaved them off in London. Mrs. Petly certainly answered the description of the woman, and she had hair which she dyed 'golden.'

"Golden hair was fashionable at the time, and there was nothing in that, but *all* the details seemed to fit, and so the landlady came to the conclusion that the Petlys—whom she had up to the present considered quite respectable folks and good lodgers—looked exceedingly like the wanted couple, and she communicated with Scotland Yard. She did that instead of going to the local police because she thought that in case of a mistake her share in the affair would be less likely to become locally known.

"I found that the landlady had a spare room to let and I promptly took it and had many opportunities of meeting and 'passing the time of day' to Mrs. Petly.

"She was a charming little woman, and I frankly confess that my first impression was that a mistake had been made.

"The first time that Mrs. Petly went out I had a look round her room, examining everything that was not under lock-and-key, and there was absolutely nothing that seemed in the least suspicious. But in the sitting-room there was a book-shelf, and a few books on it. Remembering that on one occasion I had found an important clue in a poisoning case on a piece of paper lying between the leaves of a book, I took each volume out and examined it.

"It was while I was doing this that I came upon a book of stories in which there was a leaf turned down at the corner.

"I glanced at the page, and as I read on I found to my astonishment that I was reading the story of a jewel robbery which had been carried out exactly on the same lines as the Darvilles had followed in London. Of course it might be a coincidence. But, taken in connection with the Petlys' visit to London and the failure of Mr. Petly to return with his wife, it was sufficient to justify me in remaining at Malvern and keeping the pretty little woman under close observation.

"The second day after my arrival I met my fair fellow-lodger on the promenade, and I asked her if I might walk with her. She smiled and said, 'Yes,' and I did my best to make myself an agreeable companion. We strolled about where the band was playing, and chatted. 'The last woman in the world to chloroform a man,' I said to myself as I listened to her pleasant prattle.

"In the afternoon I proposed an excursion to the British Camp on the hills, and my offer was graciously accepted.

"On the fourth day of our acquaintance, we left the house together for the morning promenade, and strolled about with the company who had gathered to hear the music.

"Presently we sat down on a seat under the trees, and while we were there the man came to collect for the band.

"Mrs. Petly took her handkerchief out of her pocket to feel for her purse, and, although I had already contributed a coin, gave the man sixpence.

"Her generosity was to be her undoing. When, a little later, she said she must leave me, as she had to go to Worcester to make some purchases, and smilingly declined my offer to accompany her, I strolled off by myself, intending to travel to Worcester by the same train and keep her in sight. But before I left the promenade, a boy came running after me. 'You were sitting on a seat just now with a lady, Sir,' he said. 'She dropped her keys—I picked them up just after you'd gone. Will you give them to her?'

"Mrs. Petly's keys!

"If she had any connection with the jewel robbery, these keys might give me just the clue I wanted.

"I hurried back to the lodgings and promptly interviewed the landlady.

"Mrs. Petly's gone to Worcester,' I said. 'Here are her keys. She dropped them on the promenade. Curiosity is the privilege of your sex. Make use of these keys and exercise your privilege.'

"The landlady hesitated.

"It is in the cause of Justice,' I said. 'If your suspicions concerning her are correct, Mrs. Petly is certain to have something locked away that will tell its tale.'

"The landlady knew that Mrs. Petly had gone to Worcester. She had told her she was going when asking her to look after the baby for a few hours.

"The coast was clear.

"The landlady went into the bedroom and commenced her search by examining the contents of a chest of drawers which were always kept locked.

"I waited outside. The landlady had asked me not to assist in the search. 'If there is nothing I shall feel that I have not allowed a stranger to go over my lodger's private property,' she said.

"I had not long to wait before I was called in. 'Come here,' cried the landlady excitedly. 'Come and look at this.'

"She had a drawer open. In it were a little box filled with 'make-up' and a bottle labelled 'Chloroform.'

"Little did pretty Mrs. Petly dream when she gave sixpence to the band that she was giving the secret of the great London jewel robbery into the hands of the police.

"I waited eagerly and a little anxiously for the return of my pleasant companion of the promenade. When she did come home, it was my painful duty to inform her that I was a detective from Scotland Yard, and a local officer for whom I had sent had to explain that it was his duty to conduct her to the police station.

"I was a little too polite. I broke the news to her gently before she was taken into custody, and that gave her an opportunity of taking a letter from her pocket and throwing it on the fire.

"A pretty woman always has a better chance with the law than a plain one.

"Mrs. Petly was brought before a London magistrate and duly committed for trial.

"At the Old Bailey she made a very interesting figure, and the manner in which she administered sustenance to her baby while in the dock made a great impression in Court.

"The baby was crying in the corridor, and the wardress, who had it in charge, interpreting its cry correctly, brought it, with the Judge's permission, to its mamma.

"It was urged in the pretty little woman's defence that she had acted under the 'coercion of her husband.' The remark of the Judge that, if this plea was good in such a case, Mrs. Manning had been most unjustly hanged, did not weigh with the jury. They acquitted her, and with her baby in her arms pretty Mrs. Petly passed out to freedom.

"But the police still felt a keen interest in her movements. She was shadowed to her lodging in London, and never left it without an unobserved admirer following at a respectful distance.

"When we saw her come out of her temporary residence the next evening, we noticed that her golden hair had become a beautiful brown and that she wore a thick veil.

"I was watching her from a convenient spot, and I guessed that her journey would be one of considerable interest to me.

"She took a cab and I followed in another. In the neighbourhood of Baker Street she knocked at a door and was admitted.

"A minute afterwards I knocked at the same door, and to the girl who opened it I explained that I had a message for the lady who had just come in.

"I'll fetch her,' said the girl, and she went upstairs to the first floor.

"I followed and entered the room close on the girl's heels, to find pretty Mrs. Petly in the arms of a good-looking, dark gentleman of medium height, who was quite clean-shaven, having sacrificed a slight moustache to the stress of circumstances.

"Mr. Herbert Darville, having seen the account of his wife's arrest in the papers, and knowing the date of her trial, had come back from Belgium, where he had disposed of the necklace. His anxiety about his wife had not met with its merited reward. She had innocently led justice to his hiding-place. He left it in my custody.

"The pretty little woman was a grass-widow for eight years, and as they were really a very devoted couple, I have no doubt that whenever she heard a company of musicians performing in the street she thought with bitter regret of the day when she sat with an amiable stranger on a seat on the Malvern promenade and pulled out her purse to give sixpence to the band."

The famous detective handed me the photograph which he had laid on the little table by his side while he told his story.

"Poor little woman!" he said. "I've always been sorry for her. She ought to have met with a better fate. If she hadn't been so fond of reading romances—"

"Romances? What had they to do with it?" I said.

"Everything. You remember that it was the finding of the story of the jewel robbery in her room that first made me fancy there was something in the landlady's suspicions."

"Yes."

"Well, that was really the first clue. The man, after his conviction, confessed that it was reading the story with his wife that first put the idea of the jewel robbery into their heads. He had lost heavily through backing horses, and they were hard up and in desperate straits. The story got hold of them. They talked it over, and eventually agreed that the thing might be very easily done. They went about it very cleverly, and up to a point brought the business off with complete success."

Mrs. Chance came in, and the Inspector pointed to the photograph.

"I've been telling our friend the story of Mrs. Petly," he said, with a smile, "and I've told him that you were once a little jealous of her."

The good lady shook her head.

"I don't care what you say, John," she said with a laugh. "You did admire that wicked little woman very much. You men are all alike—a pretty woman can twist you round her fingers. That woman twisted the jury round hers or they'd never have let her go."

Chance looked across at me and smiled.

"If Mrs. Petly had been tried by a jury of her own sex and my wife had been the forewoman, I doubt if we should ever have caught Mr. Herbert Darville," he said.

And I agreed with him.

# DOLLAR-DRAWERS IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER: ROOF THEATRES.



WHERE STARS SHINE BY STARLIGHT: ROOF GARDENS OF NEW YORK.

Our photographs suggest what excellent and profitable use theatrical managers could make of the roofs of their theatres, if properly adapted for the purpose, in weather such as we have had this year, and, in fact, in any reasonable summer. There is no doubt, indeed, that roof gardens and roof theatres might be made as popular in London as they are in New York. London, however, is backward in utilising the fresh air for its pleasure-seekers. We have no outdoor cafés, like those of France, where one can sit in the open air and enjoy "liquid refreshment" or a meal. We have much to learn both from New York and Paris.

*Photographs by Byron, New York.*



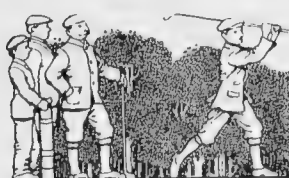
## A STEAMER AS A TEE: GOLFING AT SEA.



1. THE FIRST DEEP-SEA GOLF TOURNAMENT: DRIVING TOWARDS THE MERMAIDS.

2. THE "VASARI" AS A TEE: GOLF PLAYED ABOARD SHIP WITH THE AID OF SURVEYORS TO MEASURE THE DRIVES.

A drive from the deck of the vessel, made to test a driver, led to the question, "How far do you think that one went?" To this Mr. W. E. Cooke, who writes an interesting article on the subject in "Harper's Weekly," replied that "it would be easy enough to determine how far the ball had gone if we had one observer forward and another aft, each of whom would note the exact angle from his point of observation at which the ball struck the water. Knowing exactly how far apart the observers were on the base of a triangle, it would be a perfectly simple matter to calculate the distance of the ball's flight by estimating the point at which the two sights crossed." A tournament was the immediate result. The second photograph illustrates the arrangements. Reading from the left, the first arrow shows the position of the aft observer; the second arrow, the position of the tee; the third arrow, the position of the forward observer. The small circles mark the positions of "flag-waggers" stationed one at each end of the upper promenade deck to notify the observer stationed aft (who could not see the tee) when a ball had been driven, so that he might watch for the splash. Further particulars will be found on page 234 in this number.



# ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

## Seafaring Golfers.

Some from time to time have envied the delightful way in which officers of the British Navy (men who love their game as well as any, and can keep a firm stance and a still head when driving, though they have come ashore from a rolling ship but half-an-hour) pick up their golf here and there as the captain spies it from the bridge, or may have it marked upon a little private chart, and so enjoy it in the most excellent variety. I have played on links where much of this is done. The ship comes alongside, the officers step ashore, where all are glad to see them, they tell you of a new dodge in gripping that they thought of while doing their watch-dog business in the North Sea, they play each other or some of the local people, and then, lighting cigarettes, they say they have enjoyed themselves immensely, thank all concerned, get motor-boated back to their ship, and a few minutes later the big black cruiser is smoking her way towards the horizon. "Splendid thing the Navy!" we think as we watch it, still remembering that the young lieutenant has, so to speak, taken four holes belonging to us back with him. So, certainly, golf is the best game for the Navy; the officers can get it anywhere as they can get no other sport (I believe they have a course of their very own somewhere in the middle of the Mediterranean); it affords them the most splendid relaxation, and it never interferes with duty. Thus a certain envy is sometimes stimulated in the mind of the landlubber golfer having some suppressed instincts in the maritime way of his own. He appreciates the convenience and the excellence of this system of taking golf on voyages along the coast, and wonders how he might do it in a small way himself, of course substituting an ordinary steamship for one of his Majesty's men-of-war.

## To Links per Ocean.

The possibilities of this form of golfing holiday are not in the least understood by the general multitude of players, and those who like a little of the sea might consider them. I have made journeys high up in the North of Scotland by boat from London. Thus in a day and a half you may steam from the Thames to Aberdeen, where there is the fine course at Balgownie, and then by a journey of an hour or so on the railway you can be at Cruden Bay, where the golf is most splendidly enjoyable. Or you may ship yourself and clubs from London

careful control on board ship, and be most particular to smear your iron heads with linseed oil before embarking, or they will rust most fearfully; and if there is the time to spare, let a day intervene between steaming into port and driving off from the first tee, or you may miss the ball to begin with. You are not so good at changes of this kind as Lieutenant Golfer, R.N.

## Island and Inland Golf.

Still harping upon this pleasant theme of the unconventional golfing holiday, I have found it nice to settle for awhile in some far-away inland district where there is a good train service joining up many fair courses which may all be worked from a centre. One such that I have in mind is in western Scotland, where, by the Caledonian service, there are some most interesting courses made easily available in this way. There are those of Edzell, Bridge of Allan, Moffat, Comrie and Dunblane, and others in a group of this kind. The first-named of these is a very fine thing, and is generally accounted to be the best, or about the best, of the Scottish inland courses, which are not generally so good as the English, this sort of golf not having been so well cultivated in the North as, through force of circumstances, it has been in the South. And when one's thoughts are turned in this direction, it is suddenly remembered that another variety of unconventional golfing holiday is presented in this quarter—*island golf*. Steam over to Arran, and there you can live a very free and secluded life for a little while; and there is golf—a little rough,

perhaps, but serviceable—to be had at Brodick, Lamlash, and Whiting Bay. Two or three weeks since, one of the leading medical journals set the general holiday-makers thinking deeply by urging upon them that the seaside might not be the best place for all of them for holiday purposes, since in many cases it had a tendency to disturb unduly the interior working arrangements of the human being. This is a point that most seriously concerns the golfer, who must be in first-class order to play that real game of his which is his standard, but which he seldom does produce. So we have had the men turning their thoughts to the possibilities of inland golfing-resorts of late, and there are many of them that are splendid holiday-grounds—Crowborough, Minchinhampton, Huntercombe, and others high on hills.



GOLF AT GORDON'S GRAVE: A BLACK BRAID, OR A DUSKY DUNCAN, ON THE LINKS AT KHARTOUM.

On the Khartoum golf course, the ramparts defended by Gordon form the principal bunker, and have to be crossed four times in the course of a round.



BRITISH OCCUPATIONS IN EGYPT: THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

The above photograph shows a lady golfer bunkered on the Mena House Hotel golf course, near Cairo. The chaplain at the hotel, the Rev. W. Urquhart, who controls the course, and to whom we are indebted for the photographs on this page, writes: "The golf course lies close to the hotel. Owing to the Nile overflow in summer, there is good grass for the winter season. There are some good long holes, and a few well-placed sand bunkers. Subscription is limited to visitors staying at the hotel. Day tickets at two shillings are issued to outsiders. . . . No heels are allowed before March, when the ground becomes hard."



GOLF IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS: THE MENA HOUSE HOTEL COURSE.

The view is taken from the tramlines, which can be seen in the foreground, and the road to Cairo, which city is about nine miles distant by tram.

to Leith or Dundee, and you are then close to St. Andrews, North Berwick, Carnoustie, and other great golfing places. To get to the west side of Scotland by steamship all the way from London is, of course, a rather longer affair, but it can be done; and some of the south-west of England golfing resorts and others in the south of Ireland, where the golf is picturesque if not superlatively good, are easily reached in the same way. It is worth trying by those who like the sea. There is little advice to give. Keep your clubs under your most



THE NILE AS COURSE-KEEPER: THE FIRST TEE OF THE MENA HOUSE LINKS FLOODED.

As mentioned under the centre illustration, it is to the summer overflow of the Nile that the Mena House course owes its grass in the winter season.



## FRIVOLITIES

## OF PHRYNETTE

## CAMPING OUT IN FRANCE.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

FOR many glorious nights I will sleep in that tent, the beautiful new English tent, the pride, the apple of Tréville's eye. The dear man has not got many faults, but among them is a pronounced Anglomania that has caused him to cumber himself with that portentous tent, chosen with love at Machinson's Stores, London, W., and to pay a tremendous duty thereon. When Tréville came to England he was very much impressed with the English mode of camping out. One day we were in a boat, lazily passing a field; Tréville observed with some excitement two neighbouring tents looking at themselves in the river. In front of one were two ladies, one reading a novel, the other peeling potatoes. Near the next tent, three young men were differently engaged—one in boiling water in a kettle, the second in washing what looked like "shorts" in a tub; the third was merely being happy at full length on the grass. "It's most improper and jolly," said Tréville.

"What is?" I asked.

"These girls pitching their tent near those young men, of course. The men came here first—it's always the female element which is the invading one. But it really is a life of the most agreeable."

"These girls,"

I said, "look to me to be capable, efficient business women who are merely taking a quiet holiday, and no notice whatever of their neighbours. I wish you would drop your French way of looking at things."

Tréville opened his mouth, wrinkled his forehead, and put on his monocle—it seems you cannot put on an eyeglass without these unbecoming preliminaries. Then he stared at the camping women, who went on unconcernedly with their novel and potatoes. "You are right," he said; "both are very capable and efficient—remarkably so. I had not seen them properly before. Oh, I must get one!" he shouted ardently.

"Which one?"

Tréville ignored such levity. "Will you come to the Stores to-morrow? I'll buy a big fine one, fine enough for you, and big enough for four. It will do for the holidays—the house is too small for all of us."

I suggested that a tent for two might prove a more useful acquisition. "Reflect," I said, "you cannot condemn four women to sleep together—almost as cruel as a hen-fight. Then, if you lend the tent to a married couple, whom is the remaining accommodation for? A mother and her three children might sleep there, only we don't happen to know any mother who has so many children!"

"What about me and three other chaps?" said Tréville—he said it like this in English; he loves speaking English, he rolls the words amorously on his tongue before letting them fall like drops of liquid gold.

"Selfish brute! Why don't you say at once you want the tent all to yourself? You know very well four Frenchmen would loathe

being so near one another; they would mix one another's perfumes and curling-irons, and they would fight for the mirror—that won't do. That tent is for me and Austen in his quality of my husband."

And so it is. Tréville has another tent, a beautiful French one with red stripes and red-silk tassels, as he, anxious to exchange, took good care to point out to me; also that it would not collapse unless I laughed too loud or got into my bed with a jump. Upon which I retorted that, though having lived and married in England might not have taught me perfect English, it had at least drilled me into perfect decorum under any circumstances, even a tent. Then Austen closed his eyes and laughed very gently, looking inwardly and retrospectively at something or other. Husbands are exasperating creatures, they always manage to give you away. But it is really great fun sleeping in a tent, and the ordinary people who sleep in ordinary bedrooms, and constitute the rest of Tréville's house-party, look green with envy at the breakfast table, or is it the leaves above? There is a glory of trees for breakfast, lunch, and dinner—acacia, oaks, and chiefly pines.

We are twelve happy people, young and old, in Tréville's house and tents—I mention the young before the old because they

are generally more respectable. And there are three more invited (an Englishman and his wife, and their dog), and they won't come, you'll see; or, at least, they will come when Austen and I will be gone if they don't hurry. I am angry with them because they are great friends of mine. I want all the people I love when I am happy (I am always happy). They are in Normandy "inspecting some very fine churches." As if churches should be inspected. A church must be felt, loved, and prayed in, but when you come near a church you must not say, "Oh, look, what a duck of a gargoy!" any more than you should reflect whether that fascinating woman is not much too small for her hat. Be impressed by the whole and don't analyse.

It's bath-time; where is my bag of corks? We take pieces of cork and brown paper with us to stop the holes in our bathing-boxes; but someone must collect those pieces of cork—they are always gone the next day. What will you?—it's a French custom!

"Halloa, Tréville! still with that wooden hammer of yours?" "I must make those pegs secure," says he. But it is a mere pretext; what he really wants is to play with that beautiful English tent, as a young mother will wash her first-born twenty times a day—not that he wants it, poor little martyr of love, but just for the pleasure of handling the darling. I don't know whether Tréville is more flattered or sad at the success of his tent. He, too, wanted to sleep in it—it's English, *don'tcher know*, quite English, from London.



THE FUTURE GERMAN EMPRESS AS HORSEWOMAN; THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCESS—A STATUETTE WHICH HAS AROUSED MUCH INTEREST IN BERLIN.

Photograph by E.N.A.



TO MARRY MRS. MIDDLETON: LIEUT. ROBERT HUMPHRY STALLARD, R.E.

Lieutenant Stallard, of the Royal Engineers, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Stallard, of Rugby.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



CHILDREN OF THE HONOURABLE MEMBER FOR CAITHNESS: MASTER GEOFFREY AND THE MISSES MARY AND ROSEMARY HARMSWORTH. Mr. Robert Leicester Harmsworth, M.P. (L.) for Caithness since 1900, is the third of Lord Northcliffe's six brothers, and himself took active interest in the editorial side of the Amalgamated Press publications for some years. He was born in November 1870, in Leigh Hunt's Cottage, Hampstead. In 1892 he married Miss Annie Scott, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Scott, of Clapham, and Cornard, Suffolk.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY LIEUT. ROBERT H. STALLARD: MRS. MIDDLETON.

Mrs. Middleton is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Elton Prower, and the widow of Lieutenant N. E. Middleton, R.N.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



**The Price of Petrol.** After a week or so of relief and reflection, does anything, I wonder, remain to be said concerning the temporary petrol famine caused by the carriers' strike? Only—so far as contemporary reading seems to show—the obvious things concerning the practical means of present and future provision. To speak of present provision is, indeed, by no means rendered superfluous by the strike settlement, as I have already found without motoring beyond the Home Counties. In many places, none so remote, one is still asked to pay double the usual price—that is, to say, twice the fair price, since motor-buses and taxis are running in full strength, and their shortage was only caused by a potential rather than any actual lack of petrol. But it is one thing to be asked, and another—in this instance a very foolish thing—to pay one halfpenny more than usual.

**The Petrol Reserve.** The question of future provision, however, raises more complicated issues. It is easy enough to recommend—as two contemporary writers at least do—that huge covered pits should be dug in open fields, well away from habitation or inflammable woodlands, etc., so that immense reserve

#### Rating and Taxation.

Whatever troubles French motorists appear to be suffering from in respect of undue taxation per horse-power—supposed—seem due to their desire for accuracy at all costs. We, blessed with a hopelessly inaccurate rating, do not appreciate our luck. At least, if we do, many of our weekly motoring pastors do not, and so are everlastingly combining with the great British host of busy people with nothing to do to urge the powers that be to tax us according to our real or fancied deserts. I admit the man with the old and faithful wide-cylindere, slow-running slave does seem to have a grievance, if only because his property is depreciated in the second-hand market by the existing rating method; but it is not as if he could not get that grievance removed on appeal, with proof shown that his motor does not develop the power alleged.

#### The Military Value of High Flights.

The other day M. Olivier de Montalent, we may remember, attained on his Breguet a world's height record with a passenger—a qualification which, combined with the fact that the height attained was practically beyond effective rifle-range, stamps the performance as useful to aviation from a military standpoint. And now we have just read of two enterprising Americans—they are always supposed to be "enterprising" in America—who have attained "world's" height records, officially and unofficially verified, of something over eleven thousand feet each: but *solus*, which makes all the difference. Since an aeroplane is practically safe from rifle-fire at seven thousand feet odd, wherein is it safer at eleven thousand or



SHOWING HER "FOREST" OF EXHAUSTS: THE MOTOR-BOAT "VIVA," WHICH HAS MADE A SPEED OF OVER FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

The "Viva" made a speed of over fifty miles an hour the other day during her first trials at Alexandria, Va. She has four engines of 100-h.p. each, and thirty feet long. These can be worked separately. The craft is the property of Mr. Stuart Blacton.

*Photographs by Sport and General.*

stores may be laid up in barrels. But who is to undertake such wholesale storage? One or two great motor-using concerns, such as the London General Omnibus Company, might care to do so, as a not very great extension of their present arrangements for storing the huge quantities of petrol they buy, and are bound to buy. But it seems very certain that no motor firm, however great, will care to undertake such an expense; and equally so that no municipality or parish council will. Remains then that universal step-aunt, the Government. Naturally. Only, my dear Sir or Madam, the Government, in the last resort, is only you and I, who would have to pay extra taxes. No, it really seems that we had better, after all, do our own work for ourselves, each making his own arrangements according to the regulations made and provided. A brick storage-pit—how many of us have one?—well sunk, and containing a couple of months' average supply, would take up no great space in any garden.

#### Speed-Limited England and Unlimited France.

Stand by any motor-frequented highway and behold what a school and style of driving the artificial speed-limit and years of motorist-prosecution have begotten in the average British chauffeur. Compare it with the driving of the man schooled in the French tradition of no limit and fixed responsibility, and note the difference from your standpoint as pedestrian or "other road-user." The limit-hampered Britisher, in order to maintain that fair average which alone makes his car worth keeping, just blinds along as near the limit as he may, scarcely pausing as he passes cross-road or corner. Your Anglo-French-tutored driver, on the contrary, progresses in long bursts and swoops of speed, reining his car, as he can afford to, with a perfect calculation of drift, down to a crawl almost, where roads cross or converge to his route. Which, then, not only feels the safer on his own account, but more impresses the road-faring public with the assurance of his secure control, and the safety of motoring?



CORK-JACKETED FOR SAFETY: THE "CAPTAIN" OF THE "VIVA" IN THE VESSEL.

thereabouts? Or say, rather, wherein is it not distinctly less safe, since, for one thing only, the greater the height, the greater the probability of being so cloud-wrapped and lost that the pilot does not know whether he is climbing or descending, or, if surmising the former, that he is not all but standing on his tail to certain disaster.

#### Vickers and Aviation.

Now that Lieutenant H. E. Watkins has departed to the Antarctic regions with the first Vickers R.E.P. monoplane, the Vickers Company and Captain Wood, the chief of their aviation branch, are to be congratulated on obtaining the services of two such fine pilots as Messrs. Fisher and Johnson. Mr. E. V. B. Fisher, for one, is not only one of the oldest and most experienced inhabitants of the Brooklands aero colony, but his extraordinarily fine "hands" on an aeroplane have always rendered his services in great request either as an instructor or when a "young one"—otherwise an experimental machine—had to be ridden aloft. Mr. Johnson, too, who has hitherto chiefly flown that finest of Farman-type machines, the Howard-Wright, though an unusually skilful and courageous pilot, has always elected to be an especially careful one. While untiring in his practice and observation of aeroplane behaviour in all-varying circumstances, he is never an "exhibitionist." Yet one finds certain writers deprecating his "undue daring" and "intermittent volplanés," *et aliter!* Do they know him when they see him, or do they merely guess for copy's sake?





# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

## St. Leger.

The end of the long drought must have come as a great relief to trainers with horses in the St. Leger and other important autumn races; and with the days shortening, bringing beneficial dews, we are not likely to have the ground hard again this year. With Sunstar giving way to the slight joint-malformation that was the cause of the scare in connection with that horse before the Derby, we can now see a clear way for discussing the great race at Doncaster. I am inclined to regard the St. Leger as a match between King William and Prince Palatine; and if I show a preference in favour of the former, it is because of the glowing accounts I hear of him from my Newmarket adviser. Men used to seeing the horses at a particular training centre are, I suppose, bound to possess a prejudice in their favour, but the men I refer to are quite level-headed enough to size up the strength or weakness of other stables. In this connection I well recollect my Newmarket man's prediction regarding last year's St. Leger. He was describing one of Swynford's last gallops, and added, "Lemberg will have to be all they say he is to have any chance with Swynford." This year he tells me that with a continuance of favourable training conditions King William will, in his opinion, find the opposition weak. I am inclined to agree—with the exception of Prince Palatine, whose form will bear inspection. Last autumn, in the Dewhurst Plate, King William and Phryxus ran a dead heat, with Prince Palatine (who was conceding 10 lb.) badly beaten. This year at Goodwood, over a mile and a half, Prince Palatine, in receipt of 3 lb., beat Phryxus in a canter; and at Ascot he only just failed to beat Bannockburn when conceding 12 lb. That is very good form indeed. But he has two ways of running, as a reference to his race with Mushroom at Newmarket will show. On the Derby running Phryxus is better than King William, and on the Goodwood running Prince Palatine is better than Phryxus. Against which it must be remembered that King William's preparation for the Derby was badly interfered with owing to a jar. From that day onward he began to improve, and at Ascot showed how far the Derby form was wrong by easily beating Phryxus over a mile and a half.

## The Old Order and the New.

"The game is not what it used to be." The man who utters that phrase involuntarily confesses to old or middle age. It is a paraphrase of "the good old days." One frequently hears it applied to racing. In the days of the flag (we are told) starting was better than now. In

the days of, and preceding R. H. Fry, the Ring was a real Ring, not the paltry thing we know to-day. In the days preceding Sloan, horses were ridden properly; they did not merely carry

their riders when, where, and how they liked. In the days of Admiral Rous the handicapping was as it should be. And so on, *ad infinitum*. I submit that what is, is best. Years cannot pass without an accumulation of experience, and experience is the father of wisdom, and wisdom is the knowledge of how to apply experience. We learned that the flag system could be improved on; the starting-gate was introduced, and race-starts were never so good as they are to-day. We are possibly learning that there may be a better way than the gate, and when we have discovered it we shall adopt it. As regards the Ring, to-day's methods are different. The starting-price office is exploited more every day, and whereas in years gone by what is known as "information" was almost exclusively the property of the bookies and one or two professional backers, I should say that in the majority of cases nowadays the backer knows as much as, and possibly more than, the bookmaker. And that, you may take it, is one of the chief causes of the lament about the poorness of the Ring. In spite of the so-called "cowardice" of bookmakers, however, it was possible to back Bachelor's Hope at Sandown within a few minutes for a very large sum. Take the style of riding. Was anything more convincing that the short, crouching style is better than the old long, upright, windmill style than the fate that overtook those jockeys who doggedly but foolishly stuck to the latter? I must confess that when I compare Mr. Joe Davis's Hurst Park poster and a photograph of a race ridden in the present-day style I have no hesitation in declaring for the "crouch." Apart from its effectiveness, it is, to my mind, more stylish. As for

handicapping, I doubt whether that difficult task was ever better performed than it is at the present time.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Ebor Handicap and Gimcrack Stakes, two races that rank above the ordinary, are to be decided to-day and to-morrow.

Selections:  
York, to-day: Clifton Plate, Sangaree; Ebor Handicap, Pillo; Lonsborough Handicap, Blue Tit; Convivial Stakes, Jaeger; Duke of York Stakes, King William. To-morrow: Harewood Handicap, Black Pirate; Great Yorkshire Stakes, Stedfast; Gimcrack Stakes, Rattlejack; Fairfield Plate, Hornet's Beauty. Gatwick, Friday: Home Bred Plate, Wolf's Hope; September Handicap, Esmeralda; Tilgate Nursery, Grazioso. Saturday: Kite Handicap, Chestnut; Lowfield Plate, Miss Malaprop; Sutton Nursery, Sylphide.



A DAUGHTER OF EVE AS "MASTER" OF THE HUNT: MISS EVE, THE NEW HEAD OF THE BEXHILL HARRIERS.

Miss Eve, sister of Mr. Justice Eve, has lately been appointed "Master" of the Bexhill Harriers in succession to Lord Brassey, whose advancing years have compelled him to retire. Miss Eve is a daring rider to hounds, and has followed the Bexhill pack for several years. The hunt is one of the oldest in the country, having been in existence over a century.

Photograph by Giles.



BULLOCKS DOING THE WORK OF HORSES ON AN ENGLISH FARM: A PATRIARCHAL HARVESTING SCENE ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS.

At the Housedean Farm, Falmer, Sussex, bullocks have been used in place of horses for the past sixty years, being better adapted for the heavy work on the rolling Sussex Downs. A team of oxen possesses immense weight and strength, and can draw a load of ten tons up any incline with ease, or plough the heavy soil in any condition. The old teamster, Frank Richardson, has worked on the farm for over forty years, has never had a holiday, and is still active, hale, and hearty.

Photograph by C.N.



# WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

## The Energetic French.

You have only to dump yourself down in any part of rural France where Parisians are *en villégiature* to convince yourself that, in point of energy and a determination to get the most out of their holiday, the modern French surpass most other nations. To begin with, they are always up early, drinking their coffee downstairs while the more lazy English are turning over for their final sleep. Then, every moment of the day is spent in the open air, and their feats in walking, swimming, bicycling, and tennis leave the citizen of perfidious Albion gasping. This, to be sure, applies mostly to those upper classes in which the men never grow old and the women always appear young. These happy individuals have long ago learned the value of constant exercise and the beautifying effects of abstemiousness. The Parisians of to-day, much like ourselves, drink principally water, they are quite as much addicted to Swedish exercises, while in walking—a form of “le sport” which goes by the quaint name of “le footing”—they can most of them put us to shame. For though they do not appear conspicuously strong or robust, the French are a wiry and much-enduring folk, as is evidenced by the surprising feats during manœuvres—in a sun hotter than we ever know in England—by their tall but sturdy infantry. The women, too, are by no means behind the men in powers of endurance.

## Pocket Amazon.

In this hotel there is a Pocket Amazon—a slim young person little more than five feet high, with a waist you could span with your two hands—who reduces to pulp all her masculine compatriots. This fairy-like Parisian is especially fond of walking exercise, and to my knowledge she does, on an average, at least fifteen miles every day. She is off and away before I am up, and no sooner has she consumed a frugal *déjeuner* then she is seen disappearing up the long, white, dusty road, followed, faint but pursuing, by her various admirers. For Mademoiselle is excessively charming, with a pretty wit of her own and much gaiety of heart, and not to be of her circle of adorers is to argue yourself, if you are a man and a Frenchman, a fogley. So they all trail after her, intent on the sport of “le footing,” young and old, lean and obese, exhibiting their racial gallantry at the peril of sunstroke or collapse. I am sure (for she is a true Parisian) that she sits down somewhere, at some distant inn, to consume the inevitable five o'clock, and at dinner she appears garbed in a white frock which reaches only to her ankles, for she will take yet another stroll of a few miles before bed-time. By this, it is only the young and strong, or the most tenacious of her admirers, who are not in a state of extreme exhaustion, and it is quite a little comedy every evening to see what remnants of her bodyguard are willing to make this final expedition for her sake.

## “Madame!”

It always seems to me a sensible custom that in France an unmarried woman who no longer poses as a *jeune fille à marier* is politely addressed as Madame, and not as Mademoiselle. Our modern habit of calling mature ladies of sixty odd “Miss” is always tinged with absurdity. The beautiful actress clings to the title of a single woman all her life long, because it argues her young and adorable. But why should a woman in any other walk of life be called “Miss” when she has once turned thirty-five? Up to the middle of the eighteenth

century, unmarried women in England were called “Mistress” or “Madam,” and how the change to the pernicky “Miss” came about is not quite clear. I fancy it was first introduced at the theatre; but as late as the time of Peg Woffington we know that actresses were still called Mistress. The word Madame in France—a stately, well-sounding appellation—is, moreover, applicable to every class. The Duchess is addressed by that term, and so are the washerwoman and the concierge, and all the infinite grades which lie between. Moreover, so pleased are our neighbours with this mode of address that they even introduce it among Greek or mythological characters, so that Racine will make a Hippolytus begin a speech to Phædra with the essentially Gallic “Madame”! And, as a matter of fact, so ingrained is this habit in speaking to feminine persons of all ages and classes that the French themselves see no humour, no incongruity, in introducing their household modern word among the Ionic columns and stately draperies of their classic drama. The Frenchman can be very rude and very selfish—like the men of all nations when they are ruffled—but he would sooner die than not take off his hat to a woman, however humble, nor does he ever, even though purple with anger, refuse her the tribute of “Madame.”

## Polite, but Peppery.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in a memorable poem, has pointed out the dangerous mood of the Englishman when he begins to use ultra-polite phrases, and how the affair sometimes ends with broken furniture and even with broken heads. Now the Frenchman is polite as long as he is happy; but

let him have a grievance, and you will not know him for the same man. These delightful Gallic neighbours of ours (so many of whom are fiery Celts and flamboyant Southerners) can get most extraordinarily angry with each other about trifles. I have witnessed the most incredible scenes about futilities in French railway-carriages, and the utmost violence exhibited about the shutting or opening of a window in an hotel. I have known duels threatened over passing the salt, and inextinguishable rancours roused by the accidental pushing of an elbow. For though they are by training polite, the French are lamentably quick to take offence, and it is precisely at this psychological moment that their national courtesy deserts them.



DRESSED TO CONQUER—AT GOLF.

This dainty golf suit is in olive-green tweed, ornamented with small buttons to match. The revers are of black satin and black-and-white check, the latter being also introduced in panels on the coat and skirt.

[Copyright.]



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 12.*

## GOOD RIDDANCE.

AUGUST is now finished for all practical Stock Exchange purposes, and most people who are interested in money matters at all will be thankful that the prospect is so far clearer in that the worst of the holiday is at length over. Of course, August has provided the Stock Exchange with more excitement than it has had for years past, but it was excitement of the wrong kind; for the Stock Exchange, above all things, loves a bullish market, and the chain of unfavourable circumstances which held prices down during the past four or five weeks has proved an extremely uncomfortable weight. The Stock Exchange has got over the worst of the trouble; so far, better than might have been expected. Weak accounts remain, and there is a good deal of what is commonly called wreckage in two or three of the most active departments. Given a little cheerfulness in September, these difficulties ought to disappear, and, as usual, the beginning of a new month spells hope to everybody, except the children who have to go back to school.

## THE RAILWAY OUTLOOK.

You cannot have a general upheaval involving a quarter of a million of men and reasonably expect everything to fall into normal grooves again within a week. Yet this is what seems to have been expected by holders of Home Railway stocks, and they have loudly proclaimed their disappointment at the delay which has occurred in smoothing over the many points of minor detail which remained to be cleared up after the great strike had been nominally settled. These pin-pricks—or echoes, whichever one likes to call them—will not cease from troubling just at present. In fact, it may be a month or two before the transport industries get into full working swing again, and the passions aroused by the strike die down. Consequently, the market for the stocks is as likely as not to be very spasmodic and uncertain for some time to come. We doubt whether there will be any pronounced revival in prices during the next couple of months, unless it should happen that traffics are so good as to force investment buying. The losses incurred by the leading Companies in connection with the strike need not worry holders too seriously, because most of the Companies have reserve funds of one sort and another that will be drawn upon to make up the special deficiencies brought about by the recent disturbances. The speculator who elects to go on the bull tack will be well advised to take short profits; while the investor who thinks that stocks look tempting, as they undoubtedly do at the present range of prices, must be prepared to see his securities move irregularly until the waning of the year shall bring into prominence once more the dividend outlook in respect of the whole twelvemonth—which, of course, is brighter than has been the case for years past.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"These markets make me tired," admitted The Jobber. He looked it, too, and confessed that every now and then the markets went "round and round," even before lunch.

"You require a holiday, my dear Sir," The Banker told him. "Have you been away yet?"

"Only week-ends, and they merely make one more tired still," was the reply. "The hot weather—"

"Can you smoke?" inquired The Broker with suspicious sympathy.

"You try me with a cigar, young feller, and I'll show you."

"Then there's not much the matter with you," maintained The Broker. "No man is really played out until he arrives at the point when he no longer wants to smoke."

"Quite true, Brokie. Thanks very much. I'll have the one without the garter," and he struck a match on The City Editor's straw hat, lying on the seat next to him.

"Confounded cheek!" and its owner snatched up the offended boater. "Don't you do that again!"

"Thanks, my cigar's alight now," and he lay back luxuriously to watch the lazy curl of the smoke.

The City Editor glared at him so savagely that The Banker hastened to change the subject by asking how much farther the fall would go in Home Railway stocks.

"That's a tough nut of a question to crack," observed The Engineer. "It looks as though we should have a troubled market there for months to come."

"Fortune favours the brave," said The Broker, with much originality.

"The brave bear," added The Engineer. "But really there ought to be a turn in the market before long."

"Not if Morocco—"

"Oh, Morocco be hanged!" cried The Jobber. "When it isn't strikes it's Morocco, and when it isn't Morocco, it's liquidation. These markets make me tired, as I said before."

"You go away, like a good boy, and take a long sea-voyage."

"Thanks. In the present state of my finances, I should have to go as a stowaway, and I never could stand the smell of bilgewater and oil."

"I wonder how it is that none of us have the sense to go a bear of stocks," said The Engineer. "We must be bulls, or nothing."

"Human nature is very strong in man"—certainly The Broker must have had chestnuts for breakfast.

"But why don't we do nothing at all?" asked The Jobber disconsolately.

"Because you fellows standing all day in the House with nothing to do must take 'an interest' in something or die of ennui."

"There is that about it," allowed The Jobber. "And you are quite right in saying we have nothing to do. I never saw anything like it."

"Are you so sure of that?" asked The Banker. "I have many grey hairs, and they remind me that every August I am told by Stock Exchange friends that never in all the course of their experience have they 'seen anything like it.'"

"You destroy all my tender illusions," laughed The Jobber, "because I daresay that really you are perfectly correct and we have had just as hard times before."

"If not harder," The City Editor commented. "But can anyone tell me what is going to happen to Canadas?"

"They may have to go five dollars flatter—or ten," answered The Broker. "Ultimately, you will see the rise resumed and—"

"But Morocco?"

"A sentimental factor. No doubt, a powerful one, because of the German holding of Canadas; but a merely sentimental factor does not weigh like intrinsic worth, and Canadas deserve to stand at 250."

"The times are out of joint!"

"You saw that in *The Sketch* last week, so don't pretend—"

"Where I think we shall see the broad result of the railway disturbances," put in The Banker, "is in the probable refusal of our investing public to buy Home Rails at all."

"There I'm with you," and The City Editor threw out a dramatic hand, into which The Jobber neatly laid hot cigar-ash.

"People will be driven more and more into foreign investments," said The Banker, after the scrimmage was over.

"We find that tendency already," confirmed The Broker. "And speaking for my own firm, we are advising clients to take what profits they can on Home Rails, and to buy South American Railway stocks with the money."

"Must do something to earn an honest commission, mustn't we, Brokie?"

"Fool! Our clients' interests are our own; any other idiot can see that. But I do think that simple force of circumstances will compel investment in South American Railway stocks. There's so little else that's half as attractive."

"But the Central Argentine is piling up big decreases," The Engineer objected.

"That's nothing," replied The Broker. "Last year's figures were huge, so the Company can afford to have a few decreases."

"I would rather buy Buenos Ayres Great Southern or Western," said The Banker.

"Is it much stock, Sir?" asked The Broker.

"It's no use you 'intin, dearie," quoted The Jobber, laughing in as high a falsetto as he could manage. But The Banker said he thought five hundred pounds of each would not be amiss.

"Come to me and I'll make you a close price, Brokie," and again The Jobber laughed. "You'll find me in the Kaffir Market, you know."

"Poor old Kaffirs!" and The City Editor sighed a quite recognisable sigh.

"Never mind, you'll come home one day," said The Engineer, encouragingly.

"Meanwhile, I keep on shelling out differences every pay-day," was the unhappy response.

"Who carries over for you, eh? Who's breaking our beloved rules?"

"I'm married, aren't I?"

"Oh, sorry. That's keeping the rule and evading the spirit—all the same."

"I think that the Kaffir Market ought to organise a gigantic raffle," said The Broker. "It's the only chance of working off some of the wreckage shares."

"First prize—"

"A charming young Jobber," said The Prize himself. "Good address, influential connections, delightful conversationalist, and—"

"As modest as a sunflower," snapped The City Editor, bringing the conversation to an abrupt conclusion.

*Saturday, August 26, 1911.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

N. S. W.—We are sorry, but certainly did not receive your letter. (1) The Railway stock is a fair gamble, but you would probably do better with Buenos Ayres and Pacific, or Central Argentine. (2) Should hold the Nitrate shares. (3) Chersonese are a good Rubber counter for a speculation.

RUTH.—We should have nothing whatever to do with them.

E. S. M.—It is scandalous that this sort of thing is allowed, but we are constantly asked about such firms, so evidently plenty of people are willing to gamble in the dark. We fear your money is irrecoverably gone.

OHIO.—All three are good, but personally we would rather substitute something else for one of the land companies, as a matter of principle.

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

**Relieved.** We feel rather like those outside a beloved and beleaguered town, much relieved that communications are restored. On Saturday night in last week there was a rush South of such as were obliged to be South should strike-war be declared. They feared that if they did not go then, they might not be able to manage it. However, they are all back now, with much to say of their brief but exciting experiences. The differences of opinion about the rights and wrongs of the affair from women's point of view are funny. One dainty and ultra-smart woman declared that if guards went out she was sure they were right, because they were such dears and looked after you so well when you travelled. Her husband pursed his lips up and said he always saw the lady off and always put her in charge of the guard, with a little souvenir of his responsibility in coin of the realm. Whereupon the indignant lady said it was quite brutal the way men judged other people by themselves. This sally provoked a titter among the assembled company, for the lady had been possessed of a very considerable souvenir herself, otherwise her better-half could not have disbursed tips, since he had no visible means of

independent subsistence. Happily, someone fouled a sneeze, which accounted for the titter! Another lady said station-masters were the darlings of men—there was nothing they would not do for you; others were loud in praise of porters. None of them had met engine-drivers or stokers or signalmen or pointsmen, so they decided that they were the evil geniuses who made trouble!

**How to be Happy** There is a good deal of though at Sea. yachting to be done at many places in the Highlands, and some poor guests are cast by a managing hostess for a yachting expedition who had rather be happily dispatched than go sailing over the rolling sea. A very timid lady with an equally nervous husband—we must never apply the term "timid" to a lord of creation unless he is a curate—confided to me that their allocation to the yacht, a tub-like little steamer

if his working paid the field should be opened. The most promising place has been tried with a result, I believe, of the magnificent sum of £7 10s. for the best week's work. Visions assailed us when we came here of washing out nuggets from Kildonan Burn. However, we are now going our way on moor and golf course and sea with never a thought for the gold-fields which sounded so fascinating. The Marquess of Stafford visited them last week, but, I fear, left them without hopes of becoming the Gold King of Scotland.

**Odour from Sphinxland.**

The olfactory nerves should be assailed subtly. They are very sensitive, and persons who make pets of their noses are careful never to shock their sense of smell. The Erasmic Company have scored many triumphs through the excellence of their perfumes, which have a characteristic distinction. Their newest production, "La Reine d'Egypte," is one of the most subtly delicious scents that have ever been made. It seems to suggest the mystery of old Egypt, and all the flowers born of her bountiful sun. It is a perfume to adopt and keep to—one that is sure to occasion remark and question, because it is not only distinguished but distinctive, with just those qualities that are so satisfying to the connoisseur in sweet scents.

**From Master to Missis.**

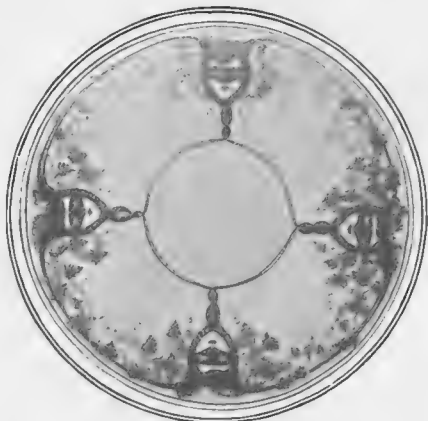
The engagement of the Hon. Mary Westenra to Sir Abe Bailey has just been announced. The young lady, only daughter of Lord and Lady Rossmore, is a Master of Harriers,



MINIATURE PAINTING ON PORCELAIN: A VASE BY MLE. LÉONE GEORGES.

that rolled in the sea with positive malice, was like to be their lingering death. I said to them, "Not a bit of it; you will be as right as rain—and rain never was so right as now—if you take Zotos. Happening to have some (being an experienced and frequent traveller, I am never without it), I gave them four capsules. They boarded the yacht—there was a sharp breeze and a heavy ground-swell—looking as if all their relations had died and left them nothing. My orders for the day were to be out with the guns; when we met, later in the afternoon, my friends were jubilant. They had enjoyed a glorious coast cruise, and were quite in love with yachting. They lauded the "C. O."—we all called our hostess that—to the skies for having made them go, and Zotos was to them more precious than nectar to the gods—or rather, than ambrosia, since it is in the convenient form of capsules.

**Greed of Gold.** Up here in Sutherland there is greed of gold, just as there is in more densely populated places. No peace was given the Duke of that ilk until he consented once more to try the so-called Kildonan gold-fields. At last his Grace, who had found letting shootings a more profitable mine than Kildonan, consented to a trial under the auspices of an experienced digger, promising that



THE DAINTY WORK OF A DAINTY HAND: A PORCELAIN PLATE PAINTED BY MLE. LÉONE GEORGES.

but she is now to be the Hon. Lady Bailey, the wife of a successful man who has a place in Surrey and one in South Africa. Miss Westenra is only about twenty, and has been greatly admired what little time she has been out and about. Her aunt, Miss Naylor, is a well-known rider to hounds in Leicestershire. Her mother is a fine sports-woman. So also is her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Candy, mother of the Duchess of Newcastle, and lately widowed; and her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Stirling, is also well known in the grass country. Lord Rossmore's elder brother, whom he succeeded, was killed at Windsor riding in a military steeplechase. The present Peer and his two sons are also devoted to sport.

It has been a month of weddings of all sorts. At Balgarkie, Fifeshire, Sir Ralph and Lady Anstruther celebrated their silver wedding amidst many welcome



MINIATURE PAINTING ON PORCELAIN: A VASE BY MLE. LÉONE GEORGES.

distractions, the same day having been chosen by their daughter for her marriage with Captain Erskine. Lord and Lady Feversham celebrated their diamond wedding in Yorkshire, and for Lord and Lady Belmore more Bells were rung on the 22nd, that being the golden anniversary of their marriage. Lord and Lady Yarborough and Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox also make August a month of silver marriage linings. Young and new brides and grooms are really at a discount.

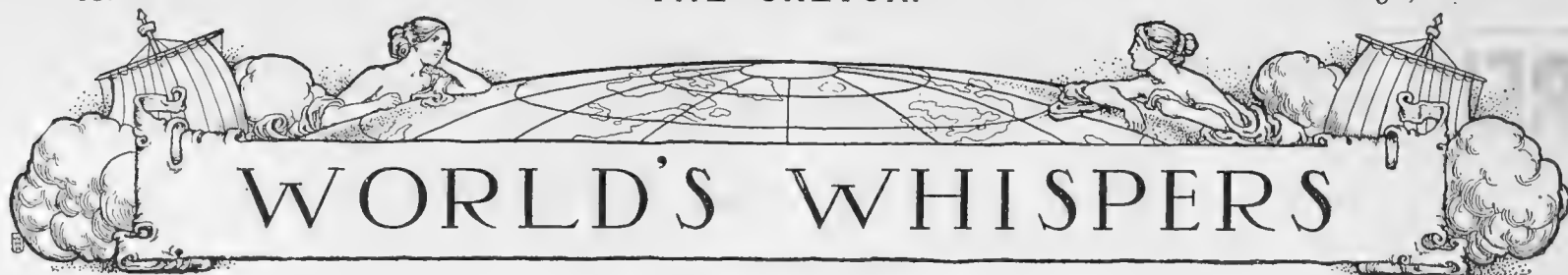
The commotion caused by Colonel Astor's engagement to be re-married is intelligible enough. Great millionaires have displaced great peers in the public interest. And here is a matter for the moralists! Yet, on one point, there is a word to be said in defence. That such marriages are made without due regard for the rearing of a family is not at all proved. There is, indeed, a jest in regard to the household of a well-known divorced couple which would seem to show that New York "widowers by divorce" are not all of them shirkers of the duties of parentage. "What on earth is that noise in the nursery?" asked the husband on entering his house in Fifth Avenue. "Nothing, my dear; only my children and your children squabbling with ours, you know," answered the wife.



EVEN MORE CHARMING THAN HER OWN MINIATURES: MLE. LÉONE GEORGES AT WORK ON A PORCELAIN VASE.

Mlle. Léone Georges, of whose exquisite painting on porcelain we give examples on this and another page, is a young French artist who has won high commendation for her work in Paris. As the photographs show, her designs possess a charm that is both dainty and original.





THE journalist who headed his account of the accidental shooting of a gamekeeper by his master, "Sad Accident to a Nobleman," added to the gaiety of nations, and also had some reason for his nonsense. Next to the man with the wound, the man with the gun is to be most pitied. Mr. Asquith, too, whose solicitude for the lady injured by his motor-car has been duly remarked, has been the recipient of more condolences than could ever reach the victim or her friends. His political opponent, Mr. F. E. Smith, is especially ready to sympathise, for he, too, has experienced the distresses of inflicting an injury with his car. He knocked down and killed on the Embankment a man who was watching Big Ben instead of the traffic. Another friend of the Prime Minister's who knows the shock of a collision on the road is Lady Kimberley. When, earlier in the year, her car crashed into another, the



FAMED AS AN IRISH HOSTESS: LADY POWERSCOURT.

Before her marriage, in 1903, a year before her husband succeeded to the title, Lady Powerscourt was known as Miss Sybil Pleydell-Bouverie; she is a daughter of the late Mr. Walter Pleydell-Bouverie.—[Photograph by Keturah Collings.]

lives of several people were saved

as by a miracle, and Lady Kimberley had no worse luck than that of continuing her journey in a furniture-van.

*The Difference.* An English girl of twenty, the daughter of a peer, is receiving smiling congratulations on all hands because of her engagement to a man of forty-

brother, one of the most prominent of British flyers, and Sir Francis by his brother-in-law, Mr. John Dunville, are already pretty well schooled as onlookers in the most exciting of all fields of sport. In his pioneering as an airman, Mr. Moore-Brabazon has encountered observers of somewhat less alertness. There is the story of the farmer in far Sheppey who was watching the machines securely passing over his head. "When people," he explained, "first told me about this here flying, I called 'em liars. Then, when I read about it in the papers, I called it a fake; and now" (looking thoughtfully at the buzzing monsters overhead) "I ain't what ye might call convinced yet, neither."

*In the Blues.*

Lord Haldon, who became heard of for the first time by many persons as the first of the emergency constables, is an old

Army man, and a Boer War

yeoman, to boot. His grandfather, better known in political annals as Sir Lawrence Palk, was not only Disraeli's chief supporter in "educating" the Tory party up to his first Reform Bill, but was the host under whose roof in Devonshire his Chief first met Mrs. Brydges Williams, who adored Disraeli's statesmanship, left him a most con-



ENGAGED TO MISS AGNES ZARIFA ORME-WEBB: MR. WALTER RALEIGH HANCOCK. Mr. Hancock is the youngest son of Prebendary F. Hancock and Mrs. Hancock, of The Priory, Dunster, Somerset.

Photograph by Platé and Co.

seven, who is receiving even more. Nobody dreams of a need to think or say discordant things, but in America one of the chief causes of the assault upon Colonel Astor is that his age is forty-seven, and Miss Force's about a year less than the English girl's. Never has the difference in the manners of England and the States been so marked as in the Astor incident. Things almost incredible to British ears are said, and signed, on the other side of the Atlantic. Miss Jeannette Gilder, a writer of refinement and distinction, puts into print things more violent and crude than the nameless authors of Lower Grub Street would care or dare to say over here. Miss Gilder publicly informs the future bride that she will have money, have everything—except happiness; that the people who congratulate most heartily are those who wink and laugh behind her back. Imagine any writer in this country, of a position corresponding to that of Miss Gilder in the States—a writer, say, such as Miss Sarah Grand or Mrs. Humphry Ward—writing thus of any English couple!

*The Unbeliever.* There will be little time lost between Miss Kathleen Moore-Brabazon and her fiancé, Sir Francis Lambart, over the rudiments of aviation. The lady by her



ENGAGED TO MR. WALTER RALEIGH HANCOCK: MISS AGNES ZARIFA ORME-WEBB. Miss Orme-Webb is the only daughter of Commander R. O. Orme-Webb, R.N. (retired) and Mrs. Orme-Webb, of 43, Carlisle Road, Eastbourne. The wedding will take place in Ceylon in December.—[Photograph by Kent Lacy Studios.]

venient fortune, and now lies beside him and Lady Beaconsfield in the Hughenden vault. A sort of posthumous peace seems to be patched up between the ghosts of Disraeli and Peel when the sworn partisans of the rebel Benjamin take service, as did Lord Haldon, with the "peelers."

*A Dramatic Marriage.*

The news of the marriage of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn came as a complete surprise even to the friends who live within a stone's—or slipper's—throw of the Hanover Square Registry Office. The surprise consisted, of course, rather in the time and place than in the union of two persons unforgettably associated in their art: their professions have extraordinarily closely allied them. Mr. Sothorn's Hamlet and Miss Marlowe's Ophelia are remembered by all London playgoers, as also the Romeo of the one and the Juliet of the other. The marriage is a romantically appropriate sequel to such performances. But what of a wedding of two Hamlets? In New York, Miss Marlowe not long ago succumbed to the great temptation of her life—to play the Prince herself. So thus it was arranged: at matinées she was Hamlet and Mr. Sothorn was the King; in the evenings Mr. Sothorn was Hamlet and the lady was Ophelia.



THE HEAD OF THE LONDON AS A HEAD ON THE LONDON: MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN IN STONE ON HIS NEW OPERA-HOUSE IN KINGSWAY.

Mr. Hammerstein expects to open the new London Opera House in the middle of November. His first programme will consist, present arrangements holding good, of "Quo Vadis," for, above all, he is determined to produce dramatic operas.

Photograph by Barratt.

£1000 INSURANCE. See Cover 2.

## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Pig as an Agricultural Pest in India; Modern Superstitions; Fräulein Clothilde von Derp as Sumurûn; the Plage Patrol a New Sand-Dance; The Jack-in-the-Box Jig; Miss Lily Elsie Enjoying a Country Holiday; Photographing the Fashions; The Porcelain-Painting of Mlle. Léone Georges; Curiosities of the Chinese Stage; Roof Gardens and Roof Theatres; and Golfing at Sea.

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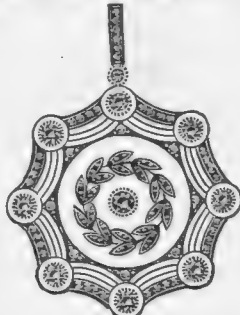


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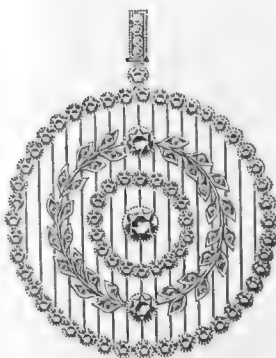
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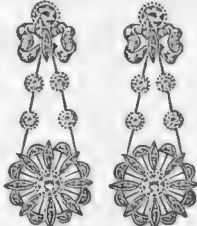
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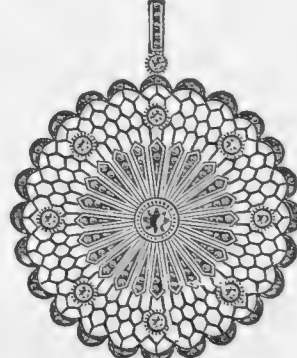
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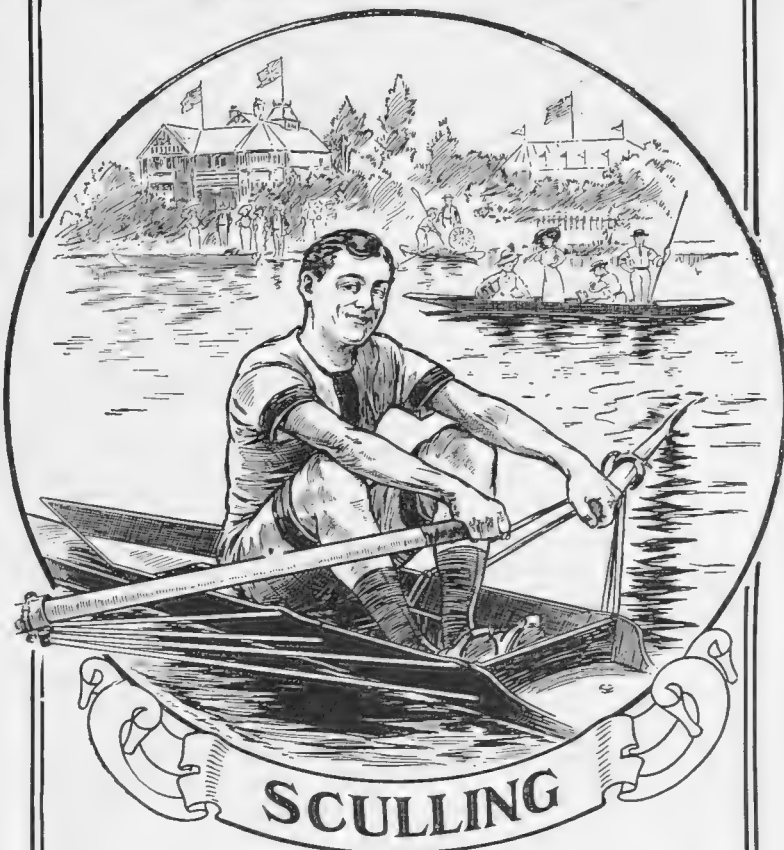
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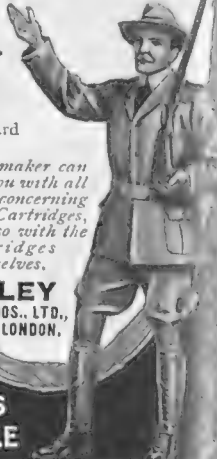
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## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

**"Mrs. Drummond's Vocation."**By MARK RYCE.  
(Heinemann).

Mrs. Drummond's profession gave the lie to her vocation. When Samuel Drummond picked her up at the little café in Boulogne, he was on his road, divinely appointed, to a Chinese Mission. And she, a beloved though embarrassing dependent of her grandmother, the *patronne*, was just seventeen. Eleven years of peaceful and pious married life followed the short three days of courtship, eleven years spent in the ugly Bledsoe Mission among "kind, conscientious, self-sacrificing, vulgar people, whose limited vision and lack of imagination allowed them to survey their efforts to Christianise China with comforting optimism"—among them and the poor heathen who listened to their story "with an exquisite courtesy." "It is as impossible to state what the converted Chinese of the Bledsoe Mission really thought as it is to declare what the idols in their great temples think, or what the Omnipotent Power overhead thinks of the missionaries' labours and their results." But at the end of those eleven years Samuel Drummond died, and his little widow, whom he had caught so young and trained so successfully, bade a tearful farewell and started on a journey to Clapham, where she was to join his parents, via Siberia. Now his parents were Nonconformists of a strong type. They, also, "feared loving God, but, on the other hand, loved fearing Him," and the old man's sermons on hell were spectacular and lurid; it was his pride never to repeat himself. To this couple she set forth across Siberia, alone, a heart-broken widow. "She ate chocolate at intervals, and prayed." At Harbin she bought new mourning, expensive and fascinating; she had heard two women discoursing on dress, and one of them had called her pretty. A little episode en route with a Russian officer changed her destination from Clapham to Paris. He had taught her what she was just awake enough to learn: he taught her her vocation. Now, Sister Brady, ever kind of speech, had distinctly said that Sister Drummond's vocation was *not* for the Bledsoe Mission. And Prince Serge Troumetskoi said so too; he went further than Sister Brady, he intimated what it was. It was—love. She, being also persuaded, accepted the emeralds and the marble bath and the other fittings with a strange, adorable simplicity; and as simply gave them up when the Princess made her a scene. The strange part of Mrs. Drummond's story is to follow. And no one who has got so far will fail to follow Mr. Ryce's bright, caustic pages. He deals with strange, almost unbelievable, contrasts in the light, easy manner that carries conviction. But when he writes boldly "The End," we cannot accept it. There is more to Mrs. Drummond and her vocation than that. Those who love her will dream of a lovelier "Cuckoo" for her very own.

**"A Passion in Morocco."**By CHARLOTTE CAMERON.  
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Miss Cameron's story, which has nothing to do with leather, is the kind of romance that might have been woven by an emotionally starved schoolgirl—a schoolgirl glibly banal with the phrases of modern journalism. The face of the young Moslem Prince (just down from Oxford) is sad, handsome, inscrutable, likewise his burnous is "snowy," and he sat his dromedary "superbly straight." Aristocratic Lillias was "a dream of loveliness," and "resembled a Burne-Jones ideal." Ash-blond was the colour of her hair, "and her large violet eyes were fringed with thick curling lashes." After this it is useless to tell us that "her chief charm lay in the happy expression of pure faith with which she looked out upon the world." It would have gone a short way with Prince Mohammed-el-Zumar and his Arabian-night world of extravagant life. Twice abducted, first to a harem by a brigand, and then across the desert by her saviour, the aforesaid Prince, Lillias would have had no story, depending alone on that "chief charm." Thanks to the hair and lashes and like details, she had an extremely good time.

**"A Prisoner in Paradise."**By HERBERT L. VAHEY.  
(Stanley Paul and Co.)

Mr. Vahey's hero had lived fifteen years trading for a rascally Australian firm in the Malay Peninsula. He had just about had enough of it, and the long inertia was breaking up before a fierce resolve to get home—and home was London at all costs. He saw nothing but the squalor and savagery of the tropics; their beauty and sparkle nauseated him. Then a half-breed fled into his premises for protection. She was beautiful, and instantly changed the aspect of life for him. At "a simple service which he himself conducted with all the reverence and gravity that his love suggested," he married her. Trouble, which was due to his protection of her, rose among the Malays. He was surprised and carried away, she flying in a trading-ship belonging to his firm. After his release and escape he touched civilisation at Singapore while hunting for his wife. Civilisation, long calling him, now claimed him. At this point Mr. Vahey's book becomes really interesting. It is a fine and free conclusion that "Home is where a man finds himself, discovers himself in his intrinsic value." Not London nor elsewhere. Jim Goffer was happy enough to find his home, and after all it was at despised Polentai.

## APROPOS OF THE ALLEGED ESPIONAGE AT BREMEN:

## MR. BERTRAND STEWART'S FOREBEARS.

THE English lawyer who, since the beginning of the month, has been under arrest in Germany, on the charge of espionage at Bremen, is understood to be Mr. Bertrand Stewart, of the firm of Markby, Stewart, and Co., 57, Coleman Street, E.C. Mr. Stewart is a lieutenant in the West Kent Yeomanry, and in the war in South Africa served in the ranks of the Imperial Yeomanry with the distinction becoming his intrepid ancestry.

His family "of Fasnacloich" is a younger branch of the famous Stewarts of Appin. The Stewart of Fasnacloich of the day came out in the Forty-five: he was Prince Charles's purse-bearer; and escaping from Culloden with his life, he fled to France. His son William, when he grew up, migrated from Argyllshire to Annandale, carrying with him the romantic recollection of how, as a boy with his mother, he had followed the Prince's army in a carriage, and had a ring dragged off his finger by Cumberland's soldiery after the battle.

The new property in Annandale was within a few miles of Ecclefechan, and thus it is we find Mr. Charles Stewart, in the next generation, the neighbour and acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle. A nephew of the house, also named Charles, Mr. Bertrand Stewart's father, has published some recollections of visits paid by Carlyle to his uncle, at which he was present. At one, the riotous excesses of the Westminster mob during a Parliamentary election were discussed. "I would just lash them with whips," said the sage. On another the story of the sinister influence of Cromwell upon Chief-Justice Bradshaw, how he held the Chief Justice's hand and made him sign the King's death-warrant, was recalled. "How do you explain that?" Carlyle was asked triumphantly. "Explain it! Just this way—it's a damned lie."

From this Annandale house a brother of Charles Stewart, after the manner of Scottish younger sons, went forth to seek his fortune in commerce. This Mr. Duncan Stewart became a merchant in the Baltic trade, but business in his young days took him to Havre, where he made the acquaintance of the British Consul, Mr. Gordon. Residing with Mr. Gordon at the Consulate was his ward, Miss Harriet Gore, a niece of Sir Ralph Gore, who had just left the convent at Rouen where, though she was a Protestant, she had been educated. Already she had attracted the Consul's distinguished guests by her wit and spirits. When Mr. Gordon was asked where Harriet Gore was, he would answer: "Oh! she is at the end of the terrace, making Washington Irving believe he is God Almighty, and he is busy believing it!" In time Miss Harriet Gore became Mrs. Duncan Stewart.

Of this charming and accomplished lady, Mr. Bertrand Stewart's grandmother, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare has written a short but intimate memoir, with citations from her own vivacious pen. It was said of her that "age could not wither her" nor blunt the keenness of her tireless mind. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Stewart were settled for a time in Liverpool, and among their closest friends there were Disraeli and his wife. "All curly and smart," she described him then, and Mrs. Disraeli, as "a very handsome and imperial-looking woman." After an interval of many years, in which she had not seen him, Mrs. Stewart renewed her acquaintance with Lord Beaconsfield (as he had become meanwhile) at Lady Stanhope's, and had a long talk with him. "It was not until we were parting," she relates, "that I said to him, 'I hope you are quite well?' and I shall never forget the hollow tone in which he answered, 'Nobody is quite well.'"

Among their London friends, when they settled there, was Leigh Hunt, of whom Mrs. Stewart said she believed he was the only person who, if he saw something yellow in the distance, and was told it was a buttercup, would be disappointed if he found it was only a guinea.

One of Mrs. Stewart's daughters was lady-in-waiting to the Princesses of Hanover, and married an aide-de-camp of the King, Baron Otto von Klenck. With the blind King Mrs. Stewart was a great favourite, and he delighted in the stories which she treasured up for him. She was telling him one while they were out driving together, when suddenly the horses started, and the carriage seemed about to upset. "Why do you not go on with your story?" said the King. "Because, Sir, the carriage is just going to upset." "That is the coachman's affair," said the King, "do you go on with your story."

Mr. Bertrand Stewart's father, Mr. Charles Stewart, is a solicitor in London, but he is also a member of the Scottish Bar, at which he practised for a short time as a young man. One of his experiences as an advocate recalls a notorious crime. As junior counsel he was retained to defend a prisoner charged with murder by poison, and, seeking an expert who should coach him on the medical technicalities of the case, was recommended to a Dr. Pritchard, a physician of ability and repute. Mr. Stewart found him no less eager to receive instruction about criminal procedure than to impart information about poisons, and the reason became evident when Pritchard was himself, a few months later, arrested for poisoning his wife. He had been already cautiously administering the drug at the moment when applied to by counsel for advice about its effects.





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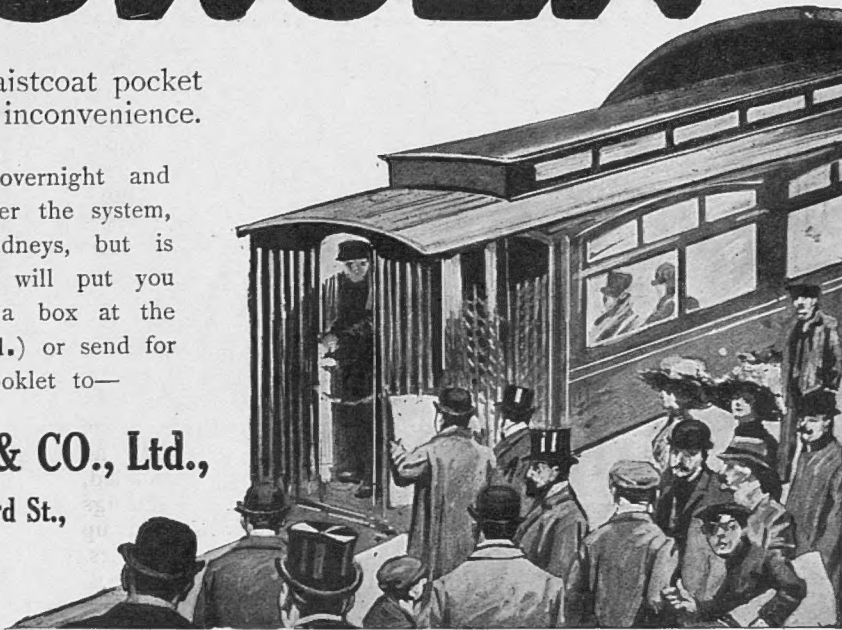
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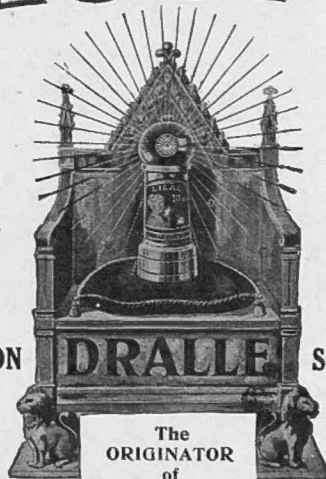
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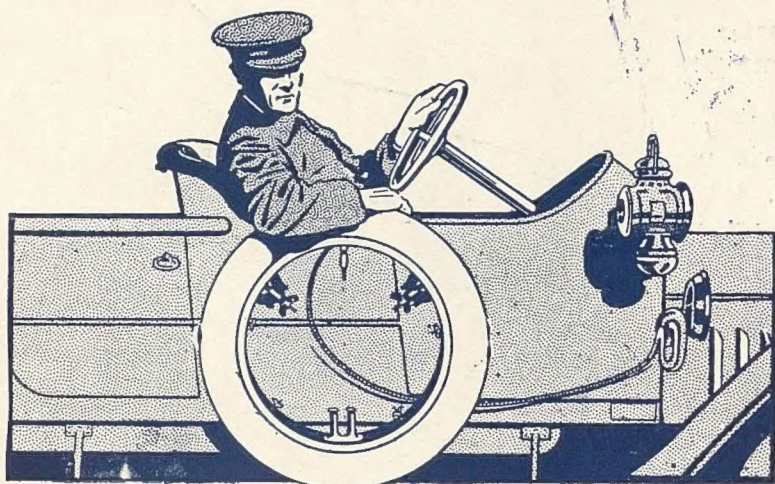


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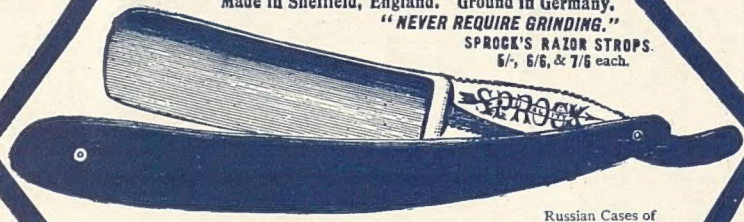


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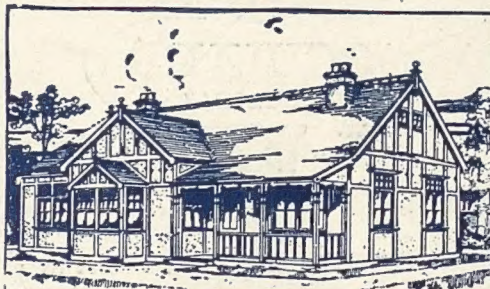
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## ALMAGAM

RE-TREADING TESTIMONIAL.—"Graspan, Stonehouse, Plymouth. The covers have lasted over 12 months, out every day and on terrible stony roads. I notice Almagam does not cut like rubber and wears more even. Yours faithfully, W. H. WATERFIELD (Surgeon)."

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Size.	Almagam Grooved.	Ordinary Rubber Grooved.	SAVING	Almagam N.S. Steel Studded.	Ordinary Rubber N.S. Steel Studded.	SAVING	Almagam Plain.	Ordinary Rubber.	SAVING
700 by 80...	£ s. d. 1 3 9	£ s. d. 2 3 3	£ s. d. 0 19 6	£ s. d. 2 9 2	£ s. d. 3 10 3	£ s. d. 1 1 1	£ s. d. 0 17 6	£ s. d. 1 11 10	£ s. d. 0 14 4
750 by 80...	1 6 0	2 7 3	1 1 3	2 12 6	3 15 9	1 3 3	0 18 9	1 14 2	0 15 5
800 by 80...	1 8 9	2 8 9	1 0 0	—	—	—	0 19 9	1 16 0	0 16 8
700 by 85...	1 10 1	2 14 8	1 4 7	—	—	—	0 18 0	1 12 9	0 14 9
750 by 85...	1 10 8	2 15 9	1 5 1	—	—	—	0 19 6	1 15 7	0 16 1
760 by 90...	1 13 0	3 0 0	1 7 0	2 14 5	3 17 9	1 3 4	1 5 7	2 6 6	1 0 11
810 by 90...	1 15 6	3 4 7	1 9 1	2 18 5	4 3 6	1 5 1	1 7 4	2 9 9	1 2 5
870 by 90...	1 18 1	3 9 4	1 11 3	3 3 3	4 10 4	1 7 1	1 10 2	2 14 11	1 4 9
910 by 90...	2 0 3	3 13 3	1 13 0	3 6 8	4 15 3	1 8 7	1 10 5	2 15 4	1 4 11
760 by 100...	1 16 3	3 6 0	1 9 9	2 15 6	3 19 6	1 4 0	1 8 5	2 11 9	1 3 4
810 by 100...	1 18 11	3 10 10	1 11 11	2 19 6	4 5 0	1 5 6	1 9 5	2 13 7	1 4 2
870 by 100...	2 1 2	3 14 10	1 13 8	3 7 11	4 15 0	1 7 1	1 12 0	3 0 0	1 7 0
910 by 100...	2 2 11	3 18 0	1 15 1	3 7 9	4 19 3	1 11 6	1 13 3	3 0 6	1 7 3
815 by 105...	2 0 5	3 13 6	1 13 1	3 2 1	4 8 9	1 6 8	1 9 10	2 14 3	1 4 5
875 by 105...	2 3 7	3 19 3	1 15 8	3 7 6	4 16 4	1 8 10	1 13 8	3 0 6	1 7 3
820 by 120...	2 7 1	4 5 7	1 18 6	3 15 1	5 7 3	1 12 2	1 17 0	3 7 3	1 10 3
880 by 120...	2 11 11	4 14 5	2 2 6	4 0 7	5 15 5	1 14 10	1 19 9	3 12 4	1 12 7

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